The Outlook

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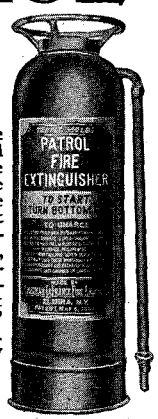

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1905

Secretary Taft on Consular Reform

On his return last week from the Orient Secretary Taft made a statement regarding trade conditions in the East which ought to be significant to all Americans. It is the more significant because it comes from one who has been in China at the time of the boycott and has had every opportunity to get at the facts. He declared that American merchants, in spite of their supposed enterprise, are "being hopelessly outclassed in the quest of the immense commerce of China, Japan, and other Oriental countries." He commended, therefore, the plan of establishing a comprehensive exhibit of American goods at Shanghai. He urged in addition that this project should be supplemented by reorganized consular service:

> To this end merchants should get after their Congressmen and compel action on this most important subject. Our present consular equipment is pitifully inadequate. Germany has ten times as many attachés at Shanghai as we have, and their Consulate is impressively and completely fitted up. It is located in a commanding position, while our Consul is on an obscure side street and is not paid enough to keep up an adequate establishment.

Secretary Taft, moreover, lays down a very simple and obvious but often neglected principle which ought to govern any attempts to develop an American trade with the East. It is that American merchants who would increase commerce with Oriental peoples must first view that commerce not from the American but from the Oriental point of view. This is only the commercial version of the Golden Rule, and it is as good commerce as it is good morals.

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Mr. Loomis Indorsed

The daily press published on Monday morning correspondence between Mr. Loomis, ex-Assistant Secretary of State, and President Roosevelt, that puts an end to a report which certain Washington correspondents have made current, that Secretary Hay disapproved of the course of Mr. Loomis and desired his dismissal. Says the President in his letter:

> Mr. Hay then did what he very rarely indeed did. He expressed his strong dissent from the action I had taken in indorsing Mr. Taft's report as regards even the mild censure of you which it contained, stating that he disagreed with both Mr. Taft and myself on this point and felt that you were in no way whatever censurable, and that the only action that had been called for was the dismissal of Mr. Bowen and the announcement of your entire vindication.

Basing our judgment on the report of Secretary Taft after his very thorough investigation into the facts of the case, we expressed our opinion at the time that Mr. Loomis's action had shown him unfitted by temperament for a diplomatic position, though he was wholly acquitted of the charges of corruption brought against him by Mr. Bowen. As a matter of justice to him we give to the public the President's report of Secretary Hay's opinion, although, with full deference to that opinion as reported by the President, The Outlook still thinks Mr. Loomis better fitted to serve his age in some other capacity than that of a diplomatic representative.

❀

The Insurance Investigation

The testimony given last week before the New York Legislative Committee by officials of the Equitable and New York Life chiefly emphasized and elaborated the disclosures already made. Many further particulars were elicited of syndicate transactions in which the Equitable Society participated with different groups of its Directors. In some cases it was shown that the Society furnished all the money involved in these transactions, the other participants drawing, however, their full share of the profits. In some of the syndicate operations in

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which a profit accrued to the Equitable the proceeds were placed to the credit of a mysterious account in the American Deposit and Loan Company, known as the "George H. Squire, Trustee" account. Sums aggregating $165,000 were credited to this account during the two years in which it was in existence, but no record has yet been found showing to whom or for what purpose payments were made from it. A cash balance of $100,000 was finally transferred from this account to the notorious $685,000 loan account in the Mercantile Trust Company, from which it has been charged that payments were made to influence legislation and as campaign contributions. By these disclosures it has been made increasingly clear that the money of the Equitable Society has been used to finance syndicate operations from which officers of the society, as individuals, have obtained profits, and that the profits due to the Equitable from these operations have been used for purposes which are not evident from the Society's books. The further testimony of Mr. George W. Perkins, of the New York Life, shows that under the conditions existing in that company it has been entirely possible for him to conduct buying and selling transactions between J. P. Morgan & Co. and the New York Life without consulting any one besides himself in either company. Mr. Perkins was very noncommittal as to whether this had actually happened in any case, saying that when so many transactions of this sort had taken place it was impossible for him to charge his memory with the details of each of them. By the testimony of officers of the Equitable Society it was shown that agents were maintained by the three great New York insurance companies in different sections of the country to keep track of legislation which might affect the interests of the companies. Each company kept track of certain States, the expenses being shared by all. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., in the course of his testimony, in which he gave further details of syndicate transactions managed by his company in which the Equitable had a part, gave it as his opinion that the system of directorships in great corporations in New York is such that a director has no power. The management of the corporation is controlled by the executive officers, and the director is considered by them as a negligible quantity. In this opinion it is probable that many will coincide, with the added conviction that many directors have considered their duties and responsibilities as equally negligible quantities.

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An Avoidable Danger

Among the dangers of railroad travel which ought to be abolished by law, The Outlook named last week "dangerous forms of the switch." Almost simultaneously with the publication of last week's issue came the news of an accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad due to this cause. A limited train running at high speed was turned into a siding, and crashed into a local train. Five persons were killed and a score or more injured. It was an accident similar to that which occurred to a New York Central train at Mentor a few weeks ago. The chief difference between the two consisted in the fact that the victims of the earlier accident were mainly passengers, in the latter mainly railroad employees. Neither accident would have been possible if it had not been for the existence of a switch leading out from the main track in the direction in which the train was going. Such switches are not infrequent; but every one is a menace to travelers. If in order to leave the main line every train had to back, there would be no more collisions between through trains and cars standing on sidings. Every track that leads into a main track as a rivulet flows into a river is comparatively safe; every track that branches from the main line as a limb grows out of a tree is perilous. The reader of this paragraph, when next he travels, can note for himself how many perilous switches he passes. Whether such switches are an absolute necessity or nothing more than a convenience is a question for experts to decide; they ought, however, to be experts in the employ, not of the railroad companies, but of the people. A National body of such experts, similar

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to the English Board of Trade, clothed with power to make regulations in the interest of the public and to enforce those regulations, should be established by law. Such a body can be established as soon as the people of America assert their right to control the highways over which they must travel.

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Wheeler H. Peckham There are two kinds of public men who are indispensable for the preservation of popular government. The one class consists of men who do well the things that a government ought to do. Such are the men who organize governmental departments, administer governmental activities, build bridges, dig canals, secure treaties—in short, achieve whatever the people have undertaken. The other kind consists of those men who protect the community or the Nation from those who would rob it, hurt it, or do dishonestly that which the people wish to have done well. Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, who died last week in New York City, belonged in the second category of indispensable public men. He was not a constructive statesman, he was not a magnetic leader; but he was a scourge to rascally politicians. His philosophy of government was not broad, but it was broad enough to supply him with an impulse for the particular public service for which he was exceptionally fitted. As coadjutor of Mr. Tilden he conducted the civil and criminal suits brought against the nefarious Tweed Ring. He was an opponent of David B. Hill in State politics, and in the notorious Maynard campaign did great service to the State and greatly offended Hill by his attacks on Hill's protégé. This service to the State cost Mr. Peckham a seat on the Supreme Bench, thanks to Senator Hill. Since then he fought Tammany, and in particular did much to save New York from the disgrace of having Robert Van Wyck in its judiciary. The sort of tasks Mr. Peckham performed were thankless; but they were invaluable. Men of his kind are needed as long as there are rogues and thieves to be fought, and to such men recognition is due.

The Cuban Elections The so-called Liberal candidate for the Presidency in Cuba, José Gomez, has withdrawn from the contest. His letter assigns as a reason that "it is useless to oppose the methods of the Government, which are those of South America, in opposing to peaceful citizens the rifles of the public forces." He asserts that Liberals by the hundreds are in jail, and that it is impossible to continue the political fight, "with the rifles of armed forces and even the daggers of hired assassins against the breasts of unarmed voters." In plain language, he laments that the right of armed revolution is taken from political opponents of the Government because to revolt would bring about "foreign intervention." Those who have followed the acts of President Palma, and know his character, will be slow to believe that he designs to make himself a dictator, or to put down by force of arms legitimate opposition to his continuance in office. That the Liberals have resorted to improper methods of agitation seems pretty clearly indicated by the fact mentioned in these columns last week—namely, that when a supporter of Gomez was killed after resisting the police, his house was found full not only of arms but of dynamite bombs. Our impression is that the majority of conservatives and peace-loving people in Cuba believe that President Palma has done much for the prosperity and security of Cuba. It is certain that any attempt to induce the United States to interfere as between political parties in Cuba must be based on serious proof that anarchy or tyranny exists.

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Russian Political Congresses Last week was an unprecedented one in the development of political education in Russia. Three distinct classes of society put themselves on record—the nobles, the zemstvoists, and the peasants. The nobles, at their meeting at St. Petersburg, unanimously adopted a set of resolutions which shows that not all Russian nobles are reactionary. The most important of their resolutions were: (1) that the legislative, judicial, and executive branches of government should

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be separated from each other; (2) that equal justice should be rendered to all; (3) that the clergy be better trained and cared for and that clerical appointments be effected electively; (4) that the various Ministers of State work in co-operation, and that Ministers be held responsible for their acts; (5) that measures be taken to overcome the illiteracy of the masses, and that freedom to establish schools be granted to every one; (6) that freedom of assembly, organization, and the press be assured; (7) that roads and other means of communication be improved and extended. At Moscow the Peasants' Union held a meeting in which they declared that they would enter the Duma, or Parliament, to be organized on the lines laid down by the Czar, with the object merely of proclaiming demands for electoral reform and chiefly to formulate an agrarian movement. The peasants have become stirred on the subject of land nationalization. Together with the Terrorists and extreme revolutionary Socialists, many peasants claim that the State ought to expropriate the land of private owners and divide it among those peasants who are without land.

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The Zemstvoist Congress

A more interesting and influential gathering last week at Moscow, however, was the all-Russian Congress of Zemstvoists (representatives from district councils), together with representatives from municipal councils. Nearly two hundred delegates attended. The presiding officer was Count Heyden, who had presided over the previous Congress. A marshal of the nobility, he recently presented to the Czar the petition drawn up by the preceding meeting. Last week's Congress was notable, not only in itself, but also because it chronicles the fact that, for the first time in Russian history, the Government actually canceled the vexatious restrictions on the reports of a meeting and practically abolished the censorship. It is hard to exaggerate the significance of this step. The results of the Congress justify the presumption that any abatement of bitterness and suspicion towards the Government is due to the Czar's new disposition (as manifested in more than one direction) to follow words by deeds. Moreover, General Durnovo, Governor-General of Moscow, was present, with instructions to stop the meeting if the conditions upon which the delegates were permitted to assemble should be violated. Those conditions provided that the sittings should not be public, that the President should not allow any departure from the subjects mentioned in the programme, and that the speakers should not be permitted to say anything to cause racial excitement. Despite these restrictions, several Polish-Lithuanian delegates were permitted to make heated speeches to the effect that, if the Russian intellectual classes were not to be represented in the Duma, the borderland would be left alone in the struggle for liberty. The Congress thereupon passed the following resolution:

> The Zemstvo and Municipal Congress considers that the National Duma will not give national representation in the true sense. Having in view, however, that the electoral assemblies, uniting a great part of the social forces of the Empire, may serve as rallying-points for the general movement looking to the attainment of political freedom, this Congress recognizes the necessity for those Russian citizens who are united on the political programme formulated by the zemstvo congresses to seek to enter the Duma in the largest numbers possible, for the purpose of forming there a united group with the object of obtaining guarantees of personal liberty and equality.

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The Zemstvoists' Political Programme

This determination presages the election of a large faction of Liberals in the first Russian National Assembly, for the members of the Zemstvoist Campaign Committee are nearly all advanced Liberals or Radicals—such men as Count Heyden himself, Ivan Petrunkevitch (the famous leader of the Tver Zemstvo), the sociologist Kovalensky, and the Radical leader Nabukov, who was arrested last January with Maxim Gorky. The committee will play an important part in the election, as it has succeeded in perfecting an effective working organization throughout the Empire. Though it chooses to enter the advisory body to be known as the Duma, the Zemstvoist Congress put itself on record as

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advocating a genuinely legislative body, one to be elected on a national and not a class basis, and, furthermore, by universal and direct suffrage. But it is not satisfied with this body, so elected, as the only Russian legislative force; it also demands the organization of a special representative body to be drawn from the zemstvoists only. The remainder of the zemstvoists' political and economic programme includes responsibility before the law for all private individuals and officials alike, recognition of equality in the personal rights of all citizens, immediate recognition of the inviolability of person and domicile, guarantee of the freedom of conscience, speech, meeting, association, and of the press, abolition of the passport system, the separation of the Department of Justice from the other branches of the administration, the irremovability of judges, the trial of every case before a jury and the abolition of the capital penalty, drastic reforms in connection with the land tenure, the adoption of measures for popular education and the establishment of State insurance for workingmen. The Russian nobles, zemstvoists, and peasants last week certainly gave to the "Little Father" a number of subjects for thought and action.

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Hungarian Ferment

Last week, following the fruitless negotiations at Vienna between the five leaders of the Hungarian Coalition majority and the Emperor-King, those leaders issued a manifesto to the Hungarian nation. Referring to his Majesty's contention that the question of the language of command in the Hungarian army must be entirely eliminated from discussion, the manifesto asserts, "This is equivalent to abolishing the nation's right to control its own affairs." As to the second point at issue, the customs tariff, the manifesto declares: "We desire to conclude a just treaty of commerce with Austria on the basis of an independent customs sphere for each party, but the decision as to whether such a sphere shall be established, or the present fiscal system maintained, depends on the free will of the Hungarian Parliament." The third question at issue seems more possible of settlement by the Emperor-King than by the Coalition leaders. This is the question of suffrage. The Coalition leaders resist the demand of a large and increasing element in the Hungarian population for universal suffrage, on the "one man, one vote" plan. At present the communal electoral right is possessed by every male inhabitant over twenty years of age who for two years has paid the State tax. Now, the dwellers in the Hungarian communes are to a great extent not Magyar (or Hungarian) at all—indeed, the Magyars constitute only a slender majority of fifty-five per cent. in Hungary. While the Coalition leaders are fiercely Magyar, they hardly represent the forty-five per cent. remainder of the population, the Rumanians, Germans, Slovaks, Slavonians, Croatians, Serbs, Italians, and Ruthenians. These are more accurately represented by the Socialist leaders, who, of course, are in the minority. On the ground that the Coalition does not represent the non-Hungarian part of the kingdom, and that it does not even represent the Hungarians who by universal suffrage would increase the present percentage of rural voters in the total population, the Socialists made a great deal of trouble last week by much rioting in many places. Their desire presents, none the less, a great opportunity to the Emperor-King. Will he take advantage of the principle of the sovereignty of the people to cause the electoral franchise to be extended? If he does, he may put the Magyar Coalition leaders in the position of being afraid to submit their claims to the general judgment of all the peoples of Hungary, he may even win a popular approval of his own principle that in the Imperial army only one language should be used if good order and military discipline are to be preserved.

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Morocco

Last week at Paris, after three months' negotiation, the Franco-German Moroccan agreement was concluded. In this negotiation the Kaiser's object was: (1) as to general European councils, to assert German influence therein; (2) as to general African inter-

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ests, to establish the precedent that other European Powers could not dispose of them without first consulting Germany; and (3) as to Morocco in particular, to impress the Moroccan Sultan with Germany's power to challenge anything done by other nations—such agreements, for instance, as those entered into a year ago last spring by France with England and Spain respectively, by which Franco-Algerian influence in neighboring Morocco was acknowledged. Though informed of these pacts, the German Government allowed nearly a year to elapse before protesting. Then, as one of the signatories of the Treaty of Madrid (by which the European Powers undertook a kind of loose guardianship over Morocco), the Kaiser went to Tangier and there informed the Sultan's representatives that Germany would defend Moroccan rights. Last week's decision shows that, while Germany has secured certain ends in this direction, especially in calling an international conference, the victory rests with France, since (1) the arrangements made by France with England and Spain are left intact; (2) Germany agrees in the forthcoming international conference not to follow aims opposed to French interests, (3) recognizes the special rights of France relative to the policing of the long Algerian-Moroccan frontier, and (4) Morocco gives France the preference in financial operations when other conditions are equal; hence the Moroccan loan floated recently in Berlin must be divided between France and Germany. While last week's decision provides for the creation of a State bank and the organization of an interior police force, it does not settle all Moroccan foreign interests; that will be done at the international conference above mentioned. It is interesting to note that the agreement was signed by M. Rouvier, the French Premier, and Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador, on a table once the property of Vergennes, Louis XVI.'s Foreign Minister, upon which were signed the Anglo-American Treaty of 1783 by Benjamin Franklin and his colleagues, the Treaties of Paris of 1796, 1814, 1817, and 1856, and also the Spanish-American Treaty of 1898.

The Bulla Cruciata

One of the most important, significant, and praiseworthy reforms yet instituted by the wise Pius X. is that contained in an Apostolic Letter which he recently addressed to all the bishops of Spain, Portugal, and South America. In this document, as reported by a despatch from Rome, the Pope absolutely forbids the future sale of any privilege or dispensation by the bishops and clergy for a money consideration. He particularly abolishes the custom, which for centuries has prevailed in Spain and her dependencies, of furnishing Roman Catholics with a special list of dispensations, commonly known as the "Bulla Cruciata." Outside those regions probably not one Roman Catholic in a thousand knows what this "Bulla" is. It came into being during the time of the Crusades, when the Popes were organizing expeditions against the Muslims, then threatening the invasion of Christian Europe. For the purpose of furnishing the Christian expeditions with the sinews of war, funds were collected all over the world, and to aid in the collection of these funds a special list of dispensations was prepared and given to those who contributed certain sums toward the expeditions. After the time of the Crusades many Popes sought to abolish the issuance of these dispensations, even though granted for the furtherance of the good work of rescuing the Holy Land—the end not justifying the means—but the bishops of the Spanish Peninsula and South America have always remained bigoted in resisting a deprivation of the privilege. Though, since practical schemes for the rescue of the Holy Land from Mohammedan control have been abandoned, the money thus raised has been applied to charitable purposes, by a stroke of his pen Pius X. has wisely put an end to the infamously historic "Bulla Cruciata," and all dispensations covered by it are now null and void. The whole Christian world is again made his debtor.

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Anti-Alcoholism in Europe

The indifference of Europeans to the sort of temperance appeals which have been more or less successful in America has created an impression in

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the minds of many people that there is no effort on behalf of temperance in Europe. That this impression is altogether erroneous is made clear by the proceedings of the Tenth International Anti-Alcoholic Congress recently held at Budapest. Never has there been more evident determination expressed to check the ravages of alcohol, never more uncompromising enmity expressed to the use of alcohol in any form. But the appeal was not to sentiment or the emotions, but to the reason. One speaker, Dr. August Förel, would not make the slightest concession to the use of alcohol, whether in the form of wine, beer, or cider. We wonder what such a man as he would think of some of our American patent medicines. The presentation of elaborate statistics on the mortality of brewers and beer-sellers was typical of the sort of appeal which most of the speakers made. Indeed, the majority perhaps of the influential leaders of the Congress are relying more upon instruction than upon anything else to reinforce resistance to the evil of alcohol. A notable feature of the Congress was the exhibition of drawings, apparatus, books, and the like, bearing upon the temperance question. That such activity on behalf of temperance in Europe is needed was shown by the evidence presented to the Congress. The growth of adulteration, the tendency to increase the percentage of alcohol in lighter wines, the spread of the use of absinthe in France, indicate that in even the countries of southern Europe, where intemperance is less of an evil than in the more northern, it is not a diminishing evil. Figures and facts to the contrary were presented to the Congress. It is interesting to note that the greatest indictment of beer-drinking was made from the city of Munich, which has long been celebrated for its beer. The great respect which this International Temperance Congress commanded in Budapest was shown in the dignified way in which it was received by the Government, by the participation of distinguished officials, of eminent medical men, and of prominent educators. Never has a temperance congress been more sober.

The Unitarians' Reticence on Divorce

The Unitarian Conference at its meeting last week at Atlantic City refused to pass the following very cautious resolutions against the marriage of divorced persons by ministers of the denomination:

Resolved, That ministers should exercise the utmost prudence in marrying divorced persons whose marriage is forbidden by the laws of any Church in which either party holds membership.

Resolved, That ministers should seriously consider the advisability of declining to marry divorced persons—especially in the case of persons who are strangers to them—until assured that a period of one year has elapsed since the decision allowing the divorce.

The following resolution was substituted and passed:

In view of the wholesome and growing concern on the part of thoughtful people in regard to the mischief of frequent divorces and other grave evils touching the integrity of the home, the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches urges upon the ministers and people of our churches the duty to set forth with fresh earnestness the noble ideal of married life exemplified in many Amercian homes, an ideal persuasive beyond the force of laws over our youth, and the natural outcome of our religion.

There are two positions which a Church body might take on this subject. One is that marriage is simply a civil contract, that in performing a marriage ceremony the minister is simply an officer of the State, and that he is to marry whomsoever the State declares to be marriageable. We do not think this a tenable position, but it is self-consistent. The other is that marriage involves religious obligations, that it is in some sense a religious ceremony, and that whoever so regards it and desires the sanction of the Church for the ceremony must approve himself marriageable according to the ethical standards of the Church. The resolution of the Unitarian Conference apparently puts the Conference on the former ground. At all events, it practically says, While we do not approve of frequent divorces, we refuse to discourage them by even counseling our ministers to be circumspect about marrying those persons whose marriage is in violation of the laws of their own communion.

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The Anglo-Japanese Treaty: A Great Human Document

SEVEN years ago, when the United States, the westernmost of the great nations, raised its flag over Manila, The Outlook ventured the prediction that an event of the highest importance in human affairs had taken place, and that modern history would take a fresh impulse and a new direction as the result of Admiral Dewey's brilliant victory. A new era in the relations of the East and the West began on that memorable day, and the readjustment of the two sections of the world has gone on with such rapidity that the most far-sighted are not able to measure the distance already traversed from the old order of things. The Boxers' rebellion gave Secretary Hay's large-minded statesmanship the opportunity of asserting the existence of a Government which had vanished from sight, of earning the confidence and gratitude of a whole people, and of defining and securing the territorial integrity of a great though partially developed nation. The reforms already initiated in China in education, in the Government service, in the judicial system, and in army reorganization are of the most radical character, and constitute notice to the world that a new China is rapidly being made.

Russia was then, if not the dominant, certainly the most aggressive, power in the Eastern world, with an immense prestige in the Far East and a great tradition of military strength and resource in Europe. Thoughtful men saw the manifold signs of change, the almost universal stirring of life in the East; but there seemed to be no leader capable of checking Western aggression and giving the reviving energy of the older races competent leadership. Every one saw that the old policy of aggression and the new life which was invigorating the East must sooner or later come into conflict; and Europe confidently counted on the further extension of Western power. That conflict came so suddenly that it found Russia asleep and bound hand and foot by ignorance, corruption, and astonishing incompetency; while Japan, emerging like the Monitor on the critical day in Hampton Roads which revolutionized modern war on the high seas, startled the world by the accuracy, brilliancy, and effectiveness of her organization and her generalship. The official Russians continue to talk as if they had suffered temporary reverses; the world knows that the prestige of Russia in the Far East and the fear of her power which has been a shadow over Europe for decades are things of the past. The Russian people have a great future before them, but it will be a very different future from that which has shaped the policy of the autocracy in the East for generations.

In this dramatic unfolding of events nothing has occurred more significant of the changes already effected and the greater changes to come than the signing of the new treaty between Japan and England. This document is of such high importance and such commendable brevity that we print its text and advise our readers to preserve it for future reference. It is not only very brief, but it is also very simple in its provisions, as settlements of great matters generally are.

Its objects are four: The maintenance of peace in the regions of eastern Asia and India; the preservation of the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire; the assurance of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China; and the maintenance of the territorial rights of England and Japan in the regions of eastern Asia and India, with provision for the defense of their special interests in that part of the world.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1902 was to run for five years, and thereafter until one year after either Power should have denounced it; the Treaty of 1905 will run for ten years, with the same provision for its termination. The first treaty provided that in the event of war

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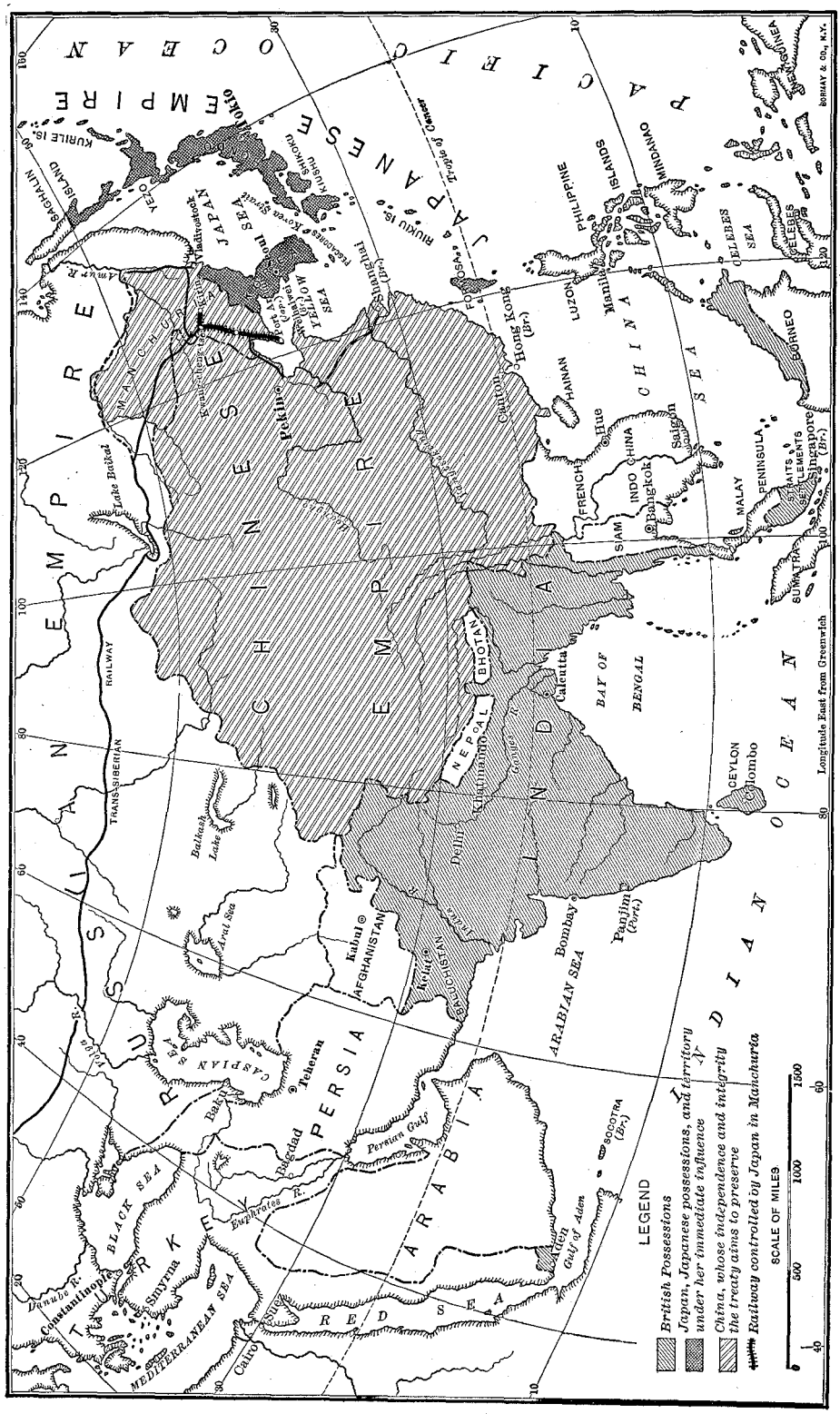

THE TERRITORY AFFECTED BY THE NEW ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY

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by two other nations on one of the contracting parties the other country should immediately come to its aid. The new treaty provides that war with one nation shall be sufficient cause for common action. Such a war, however, must not be aggressively provoked by either contracting party, and must be a "war in defense of the territorial rights or of the special interests" of Japan in the Japanese Islands, in Korea, or in the Liaotung Peninsula, or of England in India or China. England recognizes Japan's practical protectorate over Korea, and Japan agrees not to take any measures in Korea "contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations."

By the terms of the old treaty, signed when England's resources were strained by the Boer War, British prestige was maintained in both Europe and Asia. Marquis Ito had already gone to St. Petersburg seeking an alliance for his country before going to London. Had his advances been received by Russia, the course of history would have been changed. The old treaty was more favorable to Japan than to England, because it shielded Japan from a possible renewal of the coalition of Russia and Germany and France, which ten years ago had robbed the Japanese of the fruits of their victories in China. The new treaty, covering a common sphere of interest, including Japan, China, and India, frees England from constant anxiety concerning the future of her greatest dependency, and allies her more intimately with a nation which has shown itself to be a military and naval power of the first rank. Japan, on the other hand, is delivered from the fear of a renewal of Russian aggression, and will be free to develop her institutions and resources without foreign interference.

With the various interpretations of the subordinate clauses of the treaty The Outlook does not concern itself at the moment; the main lines of policy upon which Japan and England are agreed are unmistakable, and the ultimate purpose of the two nations must be inferred from the clear purport of this impressive agreement. It makes three great facts in the Eastern situation clear.

I. The substitution for the old policy of "grab and keep" of a new policy of freedom from Western interference; and for the traditional method of intrigue carried on for decades at every Oriental Court a frank disclosure of the purpose of the two nations of dominant influence. England has far greater responsibilities in the Far East than any other Western Power; Japan has become the leader of the Far East; the agreement of these two countries is the establishment of a line of action which must be accepted because no successful resistance can be made. That England and Japan were caring for their own interests first is clear enough; but their interests are the interests of the world at large. English government in India has been expensive and has often shown great lack of sympathy through lack of imagination; but it has been thorough, upright, and intelligent. It has become a synonym for impartial justice between man and man, for integrity of administration, and for education. It has been and is a school in which India is learning the art of government; and it is very certain that when the Indians are ready to take their affairs into their own hands the little army of English administrators will quietly withdraw. English ideas are to be dominant in the East instead of Russian ideas; that brief statement involves changes the radical and far-reaching character of which have become very clear in the last two years.

II. The treaty is a formal recognition of the accession of Japan to the rank of a Power of the first order and of her ascendency in the Far East. Japan is to protect the British interests in India from outside attack; but Japan will lead the East in a development along racial lines which will eventually bring the foremost Oriental races into the family of self-governing peoples. The East is to be no more the foraging ground of the West, to be divided up and disposed without taking into account the rights or wishes of its peoples. Eastern affairs have hitherto been settled in St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, or London; hereafter they will be settled in Peking, Tokyo, or, in some future time, at Calcutta. The East will develop freely

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along its own lines, and ultimately deal with the West on a basis of equality. There may be some danger to Western trade and power in this emancipation of half the world from the leading-strings of the other half, but there will be immense gains to civilization as a whole; to art, to religion, to humanity as a family of races.

III. The treaty recognizes the policy of the open door as final and authoritative. The East is to be open to the competition of all races; there is to be no more building of Chinese walls of exclusion; the field is for the world; let the best race win!

In the light of such possibilities as these it is not too much to say that the treaty between Japan and England is likely to become a great human document; the record of a vast change in human affairs and the introduction to a new chapter in the history of mankind.

The New Anglo-Japanese Treaty

PREAMBLE

The Governments of Great Britain and Japan, being desirous of replacing the agreement concluded between them on January 30, 1902, by fresh stipulations, have agreed upon the following articles, which have for their object:

A—Consolidation and the maintenance of general peace in the regions of eastern Asia and India.

B—The preservation of the common interests of all the Powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.

C—The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of eastern Asia and of India, and the defense of their special interests in the said regions.

Article I. It is agreed that whenever, in the opinion of either Great Britain or Japan, any of the rights or interests referred to in the preamble are in jeopardy, the two Governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly, and consider in common the measures which should be taken to safeguard those menaced rights and interests.

Article II. If, by reason of an unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers, either contractor be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble, the other contractor shall at once come to the assistance of its ally, and both parties will conduct war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with any Power or Powers involved in such war.

Article III. Japan possessing paramount political, military, and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognizes the right of Japan to take such measures for the guidance, control, and protection of Korea as it may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those interests, provided always that such measures are not contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations.

Article IV. Great Britain having special interests in all that concerns the security of the Indian frontier, Japan recognizes her right to take such measures in the proximity of that frontier as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions.

Article V. The high contracting parties agree that neither, without consulting the other, will enter into separate agreements with another Power to the prejudice of the objects described in the preamble of this agreement.

Article VI. In the matter of the present war between Japan and Russia Great Britain will continue to maintain strict neutrality unless another Power or Powers join in hostilities against Japan, in which case Great Britain will come to the assistance of Japan, will conduct war in common, and will make peace in mutual agreement with Japan.

Article VII. The conditions under which armed assistance shall be afforded by either Power to the other in the circumstances mentioned in the present agreement, and the means by which such assistance shall be made available, will be arranged by the naval and military authorities of the contracting parties, who from time to time will consult one another fully and freely on all questions of mutual interest.

Article VIII. The present agreement shall, subject to the provisions of Article VII., come into effect immediately after the date of signature and remain in force for ten years from that date. In case neither of the high contracting parties shall have been notified twelve months before the expiration of the said ten years of the intention of terminating the agreement, it shall remain binding until the expiration of one year from the day on which either of the contracting parties shall have denounced it; but if, when the date fixed for its expiration arrives, either ally is actually engaged in war, the alliance, *ipso facto*, shall continue until peace shall have been concluded.

In faith whereof the undersigned, duly authorized by their respective Governments, have signed this agreement and affixed their seals. Done in duplicate at London, August 12, 1905.

LANSDOWNE.
HAYASHI.

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Tammany's Confidence Game

Apparently Tammany Hall is to have a Japanese victory in November. It will meet no united foe. It has not even had to follow the injunction *divide et impera*. It has found an enemy already divided. The half-hearted and unintelligent efforts for the fusion of the Republican party in New York City, the Citizens' Union, and the Municipal Ownership League came to an end last week; happily, their squabbles came to an end at the same time. The Municipal Ownership League has been waiting for the return of a man from Europe to tell them what to do; the Republican party has announced its intention of nominating a straight party ticket; and the Citizens' Union is planning to concentrate its efforts upon the re-election of Mr. Jerome.

The attempt to lay the blame for the failure of fusion on one or another of these organizations is futile. The blame rests on none of them. If blame there is, it rests on the people of the city. It is they who could have brought about a union of anti-Tammany forces as they did bring it about effectively four years ago. It is they who are acquiescing in the present supremacy of Tammany and are making it easy for Tammany to maintain its dominance for four years to come. The people of New York City are, in fact, contented with the sort of municipal administration which Mayor McClellan has given. Four years ago they were indignant against open graft, against the ill-concealed alliance between criminals and police, and against the insolent traffickers in womanhood. This year what was then open or ill concealed or insolent has become, so far as it exists, cautious and hidden. The present Mayor is neither drunken, vulgar, nor churlish. His subordinates are not continuously outraging all sense of decency and honesty. In other words, to use the phrase of one of New York's most respectable newspapers, there is "no burning issue."

Nevertheless it is true that scarcely one of the city departments has been conducted with anything approaching efficiency. The streets of the city have perhaps been as well cleaned as before, but only because they have been cleaned under a survivor of the Low administration; the Department of Health has deteriorated; the police, in spite of some external improvements, have lapsed into some of their old ways; the bridges have been constructed, contrary to expert engineering advice, according to the dictates of party leaders; the parks have been subjected to experiments in the worst of bad taste; the Department of Gas, Electricity, and Water Supply has been marked by notorious mismanagement; the Tenement-House Department has been reduced to confusion; the supervision of new and old buildings has been so incompetent as to have inflicted on the city loss of life and to be a constant menace to human safety. In brief, the municipal government has been administered primarily to give sustenance to Tammany Hall, not to serve the people of the city. Moreover, Mayor McClellan himself cannot be exonerated from the accusation of double dealing. Having made charges that the Low administration had deprived thousands of school children of their right to full time in the schools, he has endeavored to free his own administration from the same charge by urging that "part time" instruction for certain grades be declared to be "full time," so that, nominally, all the children of the city may be given their rights. The attitude of Mayor McClellan toward the schools is typical of his attitude toward the entire city government; his standard has been not competence but inoffensiveness, and he has measurably succeeded in reaching his standard. If he has not greatly served the people of New York, he has at least not greatly offended them. So, the argument runs, he deserves re-election. He has been as good as Tammany would let him be; therefore, according to this logic, give Tammany a new lease of power. He has not insulted the city by deliberately using the forces designed for its protection to rob and assault it; he has not allied the city government with vice and crime. That is why there is "no burning issue" in New York this fall.

Good citizens in New York have for so long been fighting the grosser forms

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of corruption that they hardly understand the seriousness of other forms of evil, other modes of oppression, other dangers to popular government. Because their own government is not actually befouling them, the voters of New York are disposed gratefully to let the organization which has managed the government get possession of their streets and dispose of them to the highest bidder, have access to the source of artificial light and sell it for a profit. For passenger traffic the most important streets of New York will be in the future underground. Who will control those streets? Ought that not to be a "burning issue"? The next administration will decide it. For years to come a single corporation may have such control of the means of illumination that it can say, highwayman fashion, "Your money, or no light." Is the city thus to be put at the mercy of an irresponsible body of men or not? Is that not an issue worth contending over? The next administration will decide it.

By declining to support a movement in opposition to Tammany, the citizens of New York have abdicated their sovereignty. They have intrusted their freedom to travel in their own city and to light their own homes to the keeping of Tammany Hall. How Tammany will trade on that power to control transportation and light, the citizens of New York ought by experience to know. If they vote Tammany into power again, they will be doing what they laugh at the ignorant countryman for doing when he hands over his satchel of money to the bunco man. Let other cities take warning from the plight in which New York finds itself.

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A Programme for The Hague

Those who desire that the approaching Hague Conference should agree to a general disarmament of the nations are coming to the problem of peace wrong end foremost. What we want to remove is not the implements of war but the causes of war. Men fought with their fists before they had pistols, and they fight with their tongues when they have no pistols. The object of the Hague Conference should be twofold: to lessen the injustice perpetrated in war upon non-combatants, and to provide some other means than war for the just settlement of international controversies. There ought to be an authoritative definition of contraband which will be accepted by all maritime powers and recognized in the admiralty treaties of all nations. At present each nation determines for itself what it will regard as contraband, and all neutral commerce is carried on in time of war subject to the chances afforded by the conflicting doctrines of the various world powers, and the contradictory decisions rendered by the courts of the various powers.

There should be an agreement to exempt private property not contraband from seizure at sea. The non-contraband property of non-combatants is respected on land. If, under the stress of military necessity, it is taken by one of the combatants, provision is made for compensation. The same custom should be extended over the seas.

If possible, there should be some agreement respecting a limitation of the area of war; such as was secured respecting the Russo-Japanese war by the action of the United States.

But most important of all is an international agreement referring, as a matter of course, all controversies, within certain clearly defined limits, to the Hague Tribunal—an agreement similar in scope to those treaties already negotiated by the United States with a number of foreign Powers, but, unfortunately for the country's reputation, laid aside by the United States Senate. These treaties, like most of the arbitration treaties negotiated by different foreign Powers, provide for the submission to the Hague Tribunal of all matters of dispute "which do not affect the independence, integrity, or vital interests of either of the conflicting parties." Last February The Outlook suggested that such an arbitration treaty might further provide that if the question should arise whether the difference to be submitted to the Hague Tribunal came within these exceptions, that question should itself be submitted to and decided

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by the Hague Tribunal; in other words, the Hague Tribunal should be the judge of its own jurisdiction. This suggestion, then offered theoretically, has been practically adopted by Sweden and Norway in their recent arbitration treaty, which, after stating the agreement of the two countries in case of future disputes to resort to the Hague Arbitration Court, provides in explicit terms that "in event of a difference of opinion between the two countries as to whether a given question touches the vital interests of one of them, the matter shall be submitted to the Arbitration Tribunal for decision." These two nations have done what no nation in history has done before. The American colonies, it is true, relinquished their separate care for their territory and very existence to the common keeping; but Norway and Sweden have placed their territory, honor, and vital interests in the guardianship of others.

We do not ignore the fact that such action by other nations would be radical and far-reaching in effect; we are not unaware that such action by the United States would take the settlement of international difficulties out of the hands of the executive branch of our Government, the President and the Senate, and would transfer it to the judicial department, not of our Government, but of the Governments of the world; we recognize the natural reluctance of any body like the Senate to relinquish powers which it has long possessed, and perhaps its not unreasonable reluctance to transfer those powers to a new and as yet untried tribunal. Yet we believe that if the other Powers of the world should agree to a general international treaty of this kind, the objections of the Senate could be overcome, and a long step would be taken towards securing the peace of the world.

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Government by Favor

Senator Platt, of New York, has his city home in a new uptown hotel. It is built within two hundred feet of a church. The laws of New York State do not allow a license to be granted to a hotel within two hundred feet of a church. To accommodate this hotel, and perhaps especially to accommodate the senior Senator of the State, a bill was introduced into the last Legislature exempting this hotel from the operation of this law. It passed the Assembly, it passed the Senate, and it was vetoed by the Governor—a knowledge of which history is necessary to enable the reader to understand Senator Platt's statesmanlike views on New York State politics, as expressed by him to the reporters on his return from the Pacific Slope, and reported by them in all the daily papers:

"I'm against Governor Higgins for another term under any and all circumstances," said Senator Platt. "I never asked but one favor of Governor Higgins. That was to approve the bill that would permit this hotel to have a liquor license. He did not promise that he would do so, but he led me to believe up to the last minute that he would. Then he vetoed the bill. I wrote 38,000 letters for Governor Higgins in the last campaign. I did so at the request of him and his friends."

We sympathize with the Senator. Surely his lines have fallen unto him in unpleasant places. What is the use of being a boss, and managing a campaign, and nominating a Governor, if when all your work is done you have to obey the law like any ordinary citizen? What profit in being a senior Senator if you cannot evade the law or have it changed at your convenience? Who says that just governments exist for the benefit of the governed? That is ancient tradition. They exist for the benefit of the bosses. And the Governor who believes in a square deal, in treating the political magnate and the private citizen on the same terms, and making them subject to the same law, must not expect to get the support of the political magnate when the next political convention is held.

We do not remember ever to have seen this theory of political administration more naïvely stated than it is here stated by Mr. Platt. But it is a theory widely held. It was because Mr. Cleveland refused to use his office as a means of doing favors to his political friends that he incurred the enmity of the bosses of the Democratic party. It is because Mr. Roosevelt has refused to use his office as a dispenser of favors to his political friends that he has incurred the

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enmity of the bosses of the Republican party. The lesson of the incident is very simple. If the people want Legislatures which will enact laws that are just and equal and Governors who will administer them justly and equally, they must nominate their officers, not merely vote for the officers whom the bosses nominate in grateful anticipation of favors to be rendered them in return.

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Pagan Morality and Christian

Cotton Mather, most learned of Massachusetts Puritans, took a low view of ethics, describing it as "impiety reduced to the form of art." This ill opinion still persists in the Church to an observable extent, and evil consequences follow. "Mere ethics," a phrase common among preachers, intimates reproach of irreligion. In this and its twin phrase, "mere morality," distinctively pagan thought still goes current among Christians. Ethics meant to the Greek, morality meant to the Roman, nothing more than the conventional custom *(ethos)* or manners *(mores)* of the time being. The pagan conception originally conveyed by these words still clings to them as popularly used. They have not yet received what they need, the Christian baptism which has translated to a higher level some other terms of the moral vocabulary of classic paganism. What a regeneration the Greek word for mean-spiritedness received when the New Testament writers made it express the fundamental Christian virtue of humility!

The pagan conception of ethics, of morality, essentially defective as it was, should long since have been discarded. It stood for what *is;* it did not point, as both the New Testament and modern science point, to what *ought to be.* Aside from individual fancies of a Utopian State, as Plato's "Republic," there was no vision of an unattained moral ideal, no *vis viva* of aspiring effort to realize it. Thus pagan morality was essentially static. In a historical view it is merely a cross-section of the moral growth of mankind up from primeval savagery. The slur implied in "mere ethics" and "mere morality" is justifiable only when cast upon what these phrases properly denote—the defective, static, non-vital thing which the words originally stood for.

Among Christians the words should stand for the higher thing that has been revealed to them. Morality should never mean to them aught less than it meant to Jesus under its Hebrew name as *righteousness.* He thought of it as an ideal to be pursued with aspiration, and to be realized through imitation not of men but of God. He expressly discriminated it both from the Gentile morality and the morality of the scribes and Pharisees, consisting, as both did, in a set of customary practices, saying, Your righteousness must exceed theirs, would you be citizens of the heavenly kingdom. Theirs was sterilized; his was prolific: "Ye shall be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Theirs was static, stagnant, tolerant of laxity, hypocrisy, and greed. His was dynamic, progressive, intolerant of defect, growing endlessly, "not after the law of a carnal commandment, but the power of an endless life."

This only is Christian morality. Just as properly might it also be called Hebrew morality, for when Jesus taught it the division between Jew and Christian had not begun. In his lips and life it was the consummate flower that bloomed from the stock of Israel; the great word of the prophets, whose work he undertook to complete, was righteousness. It is also the only morality that ethical science in our time recognizes as real, whose testimony Professor Dewey thus sums up: "It is of the very nature of morality to be progressive. Morality is a life of aspiration."

It is, then, a mischievous mistake for Christian teachers to countenance the non-dynamic, pagan notion of morality, as they do in their common phrase, "mere morality." When they tell the non-religious man, satisfied with conformity to the conventional code of morals, "Mere morality does not meet God's demand, you must add to it religion," they provoke a plausible contradiction. "What more," he replies, "can

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God demand than a good life?" He needs to be plainly told that he has mistaken plated silver for solid; that his fancied morality is not the real thing, either in Jesus' estimate or in that of moral science as now interpreted by its masters. Morality is a far higher thing than his mere repetition of actions pronounced by public opinion to be good.

Static morality, as exhibited in the cross-sections of it taken from savage, barbarous, semi-civilized, and civilized life in many lands and times, is extremely diverse and even contradictory. The respectable of an earlier period becomes the infamous of a later. Abraham, called "the friend of God," was a bigamist. In the Museum at Washington is President Jackson's case of dueling pistols. Throughout all this contrariety one identical element is traceable—the anointed vision, the *vis viva* of the minority whose aspiration and struggle have carried the moral evolution on till now. Only this constant element, not the forms which it progressively transforms or discards, can be the essential thing.

When, therefore, the Christian teacher admits the pretension of anything less than this to be real morality, he forgets a first principle of Jesus' teaching, and abandons his proper stronghold. When he permits it to be thought that there can be real morality disjunct from religion, he helps to perpetuate an ancient and pernicious delusion. Unspeakable scandals have been brought upon the Church through all its centuries by the divorce of religion from morality, nor will their reunion be complete till it is better realized than now that they are essentially and indissolubly one. Indispensable to this is a clear discernment of what real morality is, and the abandonment of the static pagan notion of it for the dynamic Christian reality.

The crisis with which our social system seems to be threatened by an economic conflict is radically a moral crisis. Of this we are assured by many competent witnesses, Christian and non-Christian. Wise men have advised all church teachers who have anything to say about it to qualify themselves for judicious and helpful utterance by adequately informing themselves of the principles of economic science. Equally prerequisite is a thorough comprehension of the principles of moral science. That this also needs to be urged on many who are by profession teachers of morality as well as of religion is apparent to the student of ethics who draws ministers into conversation about it.

Strange it is, when Jesus in his Beatitudes has sketched the citizen of his spiritual kingdom in an outline of moral excellence, when St. Paul has given his Galatian disciples a list of "the fruits of the Spirit" in terms of moral virtue, that there are still so many successors of the Apostles who regard spirituality as a diviner thing than morality, and the religious man as on a higher plane than the moral man. To such the Apostolic admonition is still apposite: "When ye ought to be teachers, ye have need again that some one teach you the rudiments of the first principles of the oracles of God." It is precisely such a misconception of the real nature of morality, essentially pagan as the misconception is, of which a moral crisis is naturally the ultimate effect. The effect can be adequately dealt with only by eradicating its cause. Not otherwise can the essential demand of religion as well as of morality be satisfied. The hoped-for revival of religion, if it is to meet the present deepest need both of the Church and of the world, must not fail to bend Christian thought and effort upon this cardinal point of need.

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Mr. Rockefeller's Sermon

Mr. Rockefeller, on the occasion of a visit of congratulation made to him by his fellow-citizens of Cleveland, Ohio, spoke as follows (we quote from his address as reported in the New York "Times"):

> Turn your thoughts upon the higher things of life. Be of service to humanity. Turn your thoughts into channels of usefulness; look forward to a determination that something useful shall come out of your success. Let your question be, "What shall be the fruitage of my career? Shall it be the endowment of hospitals, churches, schools, and asylums?" Do everything you can for the betterment of your fellow-men, and in doing this you will enjoy life the better.

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Whether Mr. Rockefeller has practiced what he preaches or not may be questioned, but there is no room for question that he preaches sound doctrine, and that the issue of his life enforces his precept.

The multi-millionaire has a hard time. We extend to him our commiserations. He is an object of hate to some, of envy to most, of suspicion to all. If he is not a churchman, he is scorned as openly and avowedly sordid. If he is a churchman, his piety is jeered at and he is dubbed a Pharisee and a hypocrite. If he does not give generously, he is called stingy; if he does give generously, he is told that he is trying to buy his way into public favor and cannot succeed. If he lives a quiet and simple life, it is said that he is mean; if he indulges in good horses, or automobiles, or fine houses, or rare books, or costly pictures, or jewels and social entertainments for his wife and family, he is pointed at as a modern Dives who fares luxuriously every day while Lazarus starves at his door. The mere fact that he is a multi-millionaire is sufficient ground for his moral condemnation. No man, it is said, can make a hundred million dollars honestly in a lifetime; and whether the fault is in a vicious system which ought to be revolutionized, or in a vicious man who ought to be banned, the critic does not inquire. The privacy which we most of us value for ourselves and all of us value for our families is denied the multi-millionaire. Yet he lives a solitary life, with many enemies and few friends, and haunted by a perpetual suspicion that these few are not disinterested. The standards applied to him are not those applied to his fellow-men. He is one of a group who have co-operated in the same enterprise, and one of thousands who have employed the same methods. The men whose moderate abilities and no more scrupulous methods have won only thousands are passed by in silence. The man whose greater abilities and no more unscrupulous methods have won millions is singled out for indictment.

And what has he in return?

Luxuries? Yes. But happiness depends not on the possession of rare luxuries, but on the possession of many comforts. And these are possessed in good measure by the great mass of Americans. Power? Yes. But, in a democratic community, power that subjects him to continual blackmail, and often can be secured or preserved only by corrupt political methods.

Surely Mr. Rockefeller is right. Service, not acquisition, is the end of life, and he who does everything he can for the betterment of his fellow-men, whether he be rich or poor, is the one who most enjoys life. That service should be rendered in the process of the acquisition of wealth, not merely in its distribution; and that is a service which any man can render, be he rich or poor.

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The Yarn-Spinner and the Novelist

The attitude of many judicious persons toward contemporary fiction is one of dissatisfaction, perhaps of contempt. What is the reason? Why is it that prose fiction is regarded by many only as chaff for the burning?

One reason is a lack of an energetic criticism. The streams of tendency, to use Arnold's phrase, are confused. There are a good many yarn-spinners who are posing as novelists, when, in fact, they have no right to the title. A yarn-spinner bears the same relation to a novelist that a vaudeville performer does to an actor of drama. In the development of literary forms, the story, or the yarn, comes first and the novel comes last. Prehistoric man beside his night fire produced the former, while the philosopher of human nature, long after the invention of printing, created the latter. The one appeals to the eternal child in the race; the other, in the hands of the masters, arouses the interest of the sage.

What is a "yarn"? It is a rehearsal of a succession of incidents and situations, most effective when it holds the attention in suspense. The action is the supreme thing; all else is incidental. The best recent example, perhaps, is "The Prisoner of Zenda." You pick it up; you don't want to put it down. It entertains you for several hours, but it

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leaves you precisely at the same level of culture as when you began it. It has appealed principally to your curiosity—an instinct which, though universal and legitimate, stands low in the grade of emotions.

Now, what is a novel? It is a prose presentation of character, in the form of fiction, usually yet not necessarily involving a plot. "Tristram Shandy" is a novel; it has no plot. With the great masters—Balzac, Thackeray—the plot at best is subordinate. The main things are the people, the Père Goriots and the Colonel Newcomes, their thrills of joy and their heartburns; for in them we see the unvoiced drama that is playing within ourselves. So with Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel," to take a latter-day novel. It would puzzle and weary the man who craves the entertainment of a mere story. Diversion is not its motive. It is a subtle and profound reading of the riddle of human consistency. It shows how easily the world confuses illusion and reality; it shows how inextricably entangled are the heroic and the cowardly impulses in men.

The distinction is, then, that the yarn exists for the plot; the novel for the revelation of human life. The novel may have a plot, to be sure, yet this should be subordinate to the human interest. In "Don Quixote," in "Madame Bovary," in "Ekkehard," in "Fathers and Sons," in "Tom Jones," in "The Scarlet Letter"—to select enduring representative novels from Spain, France, Germany, Russia, England, and America—the narrative element in every instance is of minor importance. These books all have a dignified movement, but not one of them moves with a rush.

In short, there is a conflict between the craving for the excitement of the yarn and the craving for the culture of self-knowledge. One cannot assimilate strong meat if one bolts it in a hurry. An absorbing story, holding curiosity in suspense, impels the reader to feverish haste. A good novel demands deliberation, mastication, slow digestion, otherwise it furnishes no aliment. The masters are right when they subordinate plot to character. Good stories are always a welcome pastime; yet, after all, humanity is interested, above all things, most in itself, and in the long run they win the highest honors who offer us, not the mental debauch of excitement, but the quiet pathos of a Eugénie Grandet and the quiet devotion of a Sydney Carton. Such authors become our abiding comforts. They entertain us in their own way, and they take us to a higher level of sympathy and aspiration.

Why is it, then, that so many of the judicious regard the current fiction with dissatisfaction or contempt? It is because the yarn-spinners are trying to be novelists and the novelists are trying to be yarn-spinners; the result is that the great majority of writers are succeeding in neither way. The yarn-spinners and the novelists belong to two different classes, as distinct from each other as idle curiosity is from the vital concern of existence. If a writer strains too hard to play for both, like the dog who wanted two bones, he will probably attain neither. Forced plots and forced wisdom of experience—how often has the one vitiated a good novel, how often has the other hampered a good story!

The current output of fiction offers a great many examples. Few, in any age, are qualified to be good novelists, because few ever sound human nature to any depth. Yet every young chick out of his or her egg-shell who has any ingenuity or literary cleverness is eager to vie with the masters. And many a writer of high endowment, eager for large sales and percentages, is tempted into claptrap and high heroics. The product is either a story distracted by a cheap interpretation of life, or a reputable interpretation of life made abortive by the artificiality of plot; in both cases a hybrid affair, satisfactory to no one with a critical judgment.

If the discontented will go a step further for the cause behind the reason, they will find it in themselves. The reading public to-day, even the judicious among them, will not permit the conditions in which only good novels can grow and thrive. They will not let an artist develop his characters with artistic leisure. They refuse him the mass and length without which there can be no strong impression. They will not give

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him the space and time to unfold his drama of human destiny with due power. Our grandfathers did this for Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot. But we will not do the same for our contemporaries. The cry from publishers and public is for something short, rapid, and startling. "I sat up all night reading this book," writes a reviewer, and everybody rushes to buy; while at the same time everybody growls at one of our most exquisite artists because he develops his fine characters leisurely and refuses the thrill of an incredible narrative.

A discriminating, energetic criticism would help to clarify the situation and divert the confused streams of tendency into the proper channels. It should draw a sharper line between yarns and novels. It should seek to urge those whose instinct is for the excitement of narrative to remain within the sphere of the narrative and to leave the novelists to their own field. Likewise it should encourage those who have some vital human experience to shun the drugs and stimulants of excited action and to preserve more inviolably the integrity of characters. If criticism could do this, we should have better yarns and better novels.

Two illustrations will reduce these generalities to the specific. The first of these is "The Masquerader." In the face of the wide and well-deserved popularity of this book, it is, judged critically, a splendid yarn, somewhat spoiled by trenching on the field of the novel. "The Prisoner of Zenda" is a perfect specimen of pure narrative, and it is so because the plot interest dominates at every point. It plunges into no psychological depths of analysis. It is frankly a record of external facts. It makes no apology for its liberty with verisimilitude. But "The Masquerader," using the same motive—mistaken identities—endeavors to produce an illusion by absorbing the attention in soul-drama. It fails to do so utterly. No one with any feeling for feminine intuition finds it easy to believe that a woman who has once lived with her husband could be imposed on by his double. The attempt to induce the illusion by psychology is futile. In fact, stirred to curiosity by the daring situations, one recks little about the attempted analysis of character. Plot interest and analysis conflict, and because of the conflict the book loses artistically by so much. One finishes it entranced with the story, yet dissatisfied with it as a whole because, unlike "The Prisoner of Zenda," in trying to be at once a yarn and a novel it has indulged in conscious and unsuccessful imposition. It lacks sincerity in that it tries to be what it is not.

The second illustration of the point at issue is Mr. London's "Sea-Wolf." The suggestion here is that this is a fine book greatly vitiated before the close by the strained use of the principle of coincidence for the sake of a dramatic and improbable plot. One reads the early chapters with admiration at the author's power and imaginative insight. Wolf Larsen is a portentous character added to fiction. He is Nietzsche's "Overman" made visual and intelligible. But the moment the woman steps on board the ship the power drops into the commonplace, and the novel—the prose presentation of character—degenerates into a wild, harum-scarum tale of adventure which deceives the credulity of no mature mind.

The discontent for our current fiction, on the whole, seems well grounded. We should get better results if the writers would confine themselves more strictly each to the literary form for which he is naturally qualified by talent and endowment. The spectacle of youth, masculine and feminine, wrestling with the complicated dramas of human nature is ludicrous. The spectacle of gifted minds playing for the crowd by the unnatural ruses of sensational plot is not edifying. If the true novelist to-day would look to his artistic conscience for guidance, would turn his zeal for publication into zeal for perfection, and would deaden his hearing to the cry of the crowd for the mere stimulus of the idle moment, then we should get a sincerer and more impressive record of this age of ours, so bewildering to the masses, so significant to the sovereign eye of the master in art. "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come around to him,"

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Impressions of a Careless Traveler

ON our return to New York from Maine we had a series of experiences which confirmed my previously formed conviction that there ought to be in this country some more effective governmental supervision of railroads than now exists, and that the present management of even our great trunk lines is not so wholly admirable that the managers have good ground for claiming that there is no occasion for such supervision.

A very convenient way of going from Mount Desert to New York City is furnished by a train which leaves Bar Harbor, by ferry, at one o'clock in the afternoon, and goes directly through to New York City, arriving there early the next morning. This train is operated by three great trunk lines: by the Maine Central from Bar Harbor to Portland, by the Boston and Maine from Portland to Worcester direct—leaving Boston to the east—and from Worcester to New York by the New York and New Haven, via New London and the Shore line. Friends at Mount Desert told us that this train was popularly designated the "starvation train," and advised us to lay in a store of provisions. That we took this advice proved fortunate, though the title given to the train seemed to me unjust. A luncheon was served on the boat from Bar Harbor to Mount Desert ferry, which looked appetizing, as seen through the windows of the cabin, though we did not try it because our friends had provided us with a luncheon. At Portland we had forty minutes for refreshments. We had here a very good supper and plenty of time in which to eat it.

The day which we had been compelled to accept for our journey home was the first Monday in September, Labor Day, and the train was crowded. We were in a compartment car, and experienced no discomforts from the crowd. But there were too many passengers for one train, and it left Portland in two sections. We here passed from the care of the Maine Central into that of the Boston and Maine. About an hour out of Portland—that is, about nine o'clock in the evening—we were startled by hearing some one running through our car shouting in an agonized tone of voice, "Jackson! Jackson!" and then in a moment the train stopped with a sudden jar. Of course the passengers came flocking from their compartments to the door of the car, the Careless Traveler among the rest. There was a babel of tongues, and at first a confusion of contradictory reports. But the story, as it eventually emerged from the confusion, was to this effect: An explosion of steam on the locomotive of the section of our train preceding our own had either blown the engineer and the fireman from the engine, or they had jumped from it to avoid being scalded, and the train, with its five or six Pullman sleepers, was running "wild," with no one on the engine. A farmer who happened to be near the scene of the accident had signaled wildly to the engineer of our train, but had been disregarded. Happily, he succeeded in attracting the attention of a porter who was sitting on the rear platform, and it was this porter's call for the conductor to stop our train which we had heard. Soon we started forward slowly, and in perhaps half a mile or so pulled up at a little station. Word was presently passed round among the passengers that the engineer and fireman had been carried to a neighboring house, and that the engineer was dying; that the disabled train, happily, had been going on an up grade and had come to a standstill; and that our locomotive was going after it. In fact, in something like an hour, more or less, our locomotive had found the runaway, had brought it back, put it upon a siding, and left it to wait until another engine could be summoned, and we had started on our way.

About three hours later we again came to a stop. Happily, I am a sound sleeper, and I knew nothing of the stoppage; I

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only noticed when once or twice I awakened in the night that we were not moving. At last, about six in the morning, I came to the conclusion that our stop was too prolonged for taking on water or for a train to pass; so I dressed and went out to investigate. It then appeared that at about one o'clock in the morning, as we were going around a rather sharp curve on a high embankment, the tire and flange of one of the front wheels of our locomotive had broken, throwing the two front wheels off the track. If the others had followed, and the train had gone off the track, we should have rolled down an embankment some twenty feet in height, with consequences of which one dreads to think. We were a little over twenty miles from Worcester. Here we waited until a little after seven, when a wrecking train appeared with a new set of wheels, the front of our locomotive was raised, the broken wheels were taken out, new wheels were substituted, and about half-past eight we resumed our journey. To a novice in engineering like myself it was interesting to see a single workman, by means of a very curious and simple hydraulic contrivance—though I believe the liquid was alcohol, not water—raise the ponderous locomotive so as to make it possible to get the old wheels out and the new wheels in. The workman told me that by this simple contrivance a single man could lift twenty tons. And the contrivance was no larger than a small pump, such as one often sees in the kitchen of a village house. While we were waiting for this repair the other section of our train got a new engine, and by a circuitous route passed around us and proceeded on its way. Whether they met any additional adventures I have not heard.

We were due in New York City at twenty minutes past seven in the morning; it was half-past nine when we reached Worcester. At this point our train came, the reader will recollect, under the direction of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The passengers had had no breakfast. There was a buffet car on the train, but it was not equipped for accidents, and its small stock of provisions was soon exhausted. The Careless Traveler's prudent companion had saved the remains of the ample luncheon with which our friends had supplied us the day before, so we were not compelled to fast, and after a not unreasonable delay we got two cups of buffet car coffee to help the abstemious breakfast. But many of the passengers had not been equally fortunate. There is a station restaurant at Worcester, and there was naturally much desire to know whether we should stay there long enough to get some breakfast. But neither porter, Pullman conductor, nor train conductor could give us any information on that point. We were told that the starting of the train from Worcester depended on the new conductor we should take on at that point; but as we stopped at one station *en route* to Worcester long enough for me to send a telegram, it occurred to me that an enterprising conductor might have taken the same occasion to telegraph to Worcester that there would be a train full of hungry travelers, and ask that some provision be made for them. When we rolled into the Worcester station, we found a long train of Pullman cars between our train and the restaurant. And before, in company with a score of other passengers, I could reach the end of it to go round it, the New York and New Haven engine had been attached to our train, and I thought it safer to go without my second breakfast than to risk losing the train. Some passengers, more courageous or more experienced, got to the lunch counter and brought back some bags of sandwiches and doughnuts. And then our train waited for an hour and a quarter within one minute's walk of a restaurant and with probably over two hundred hungry passengers on board, and no official could give us any idea when we were to start, the buffet car porter could not leave his car long enough to get anything for his empty larder, and it did not even occur to any official to notify the restaurant and have a boy sent through the train with provisions.

Our natural irritation at being compelled to fast within a minute's walk of

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abundant provisions was not allayed by the current report of the cause of the delay. This was that no conductor for the train could be found. The story was that when the train failed to arrive at one o'clock in the morning the conductor went home and went to bed; that, the train still delaying to come, he had gone off into the town; that some one had been sent to hunt him up, and that as soon as he could be found we should start. This tale would have seemed to me incredible, were it not that the general mismanagement apparent in the whole episode prepared me to believe anything. Why we waited I do not really know; what I do know is that no one could tell us, or would tell us, with any authority, why we waited, or how long we should wait. Perhaps the double accident on the Boston and Maine Railroad was unavoidable, though it seems to indicate that the road was trying to do a larger business than it had equipment for, and consequently sent out locomotives unfit for their work, a fault which the public has reason to believe is not uncommon; and there was a very general impression among the passengers that we need not have waited six hours for succor if there had been a reasonable amount of hustle in the repair department of the road. But certainly the irritating experience at Worcester was not unavoidable. It requires no expert knowledge in railroading to be certain that a very moderate amount of efficiency in subordinate officials at Worcester would have sufficed to afford the hungry passengers of that train during their hour and a quarter wait an opportunity to get some breakfast. The passengers in such an exigency under our present system are absolutely helpless. They cannot even learn why they have been so treated. There surely ought at least to be a department of the Government to which passengers could report such accidents as the two on the Boston and Maine Railroad and such shiftlessness as that on the New York and New Haven Railroad—a department which could call the now irresponsible railroads to account, and compel them at least to explain. In the absence of such a department, I report the facts to the general public. And, in a faint hope that higher officials may prevent a recurrence of needless vexation to other passengers, I beg leave especially to commend the failure of the local officials at Worcester to the consideration of Mr. Charles S. Mellen, the President of the New York and New Haven Railroad, Mr. S. Higgins, its General Manager, and Mr. O. M. Shepard, its General Superintendent. L. A.

Bread upon the Waters[1]

By Richard Watson Gilder

A melancholy, life-o'erwearied man
Sat in his lonely room, and, with slow breath,
Counted his losses—thrice wrecked plan on plan,
Failure of friend, and hope, and heart and faith—
This last the deadliest, and holding all.
Help was there none in weeping, for the years
Had stolen all his treasury of tears.
Then on a printed page his eyes did fall,
Where sprang such words of courage that they seemed
Cries on a battlefield, or as one dreamed
Of trumpets sounding charges; on he read
With curious, half-remembering, musing mind.
The ringing of that voice had something stirred
In his deep heart, like music long since heard.
Brave words, he sighed; and looked where they were signed;
There, reading his own name, tears made him blind.

[1] From "In the Heights," just published by the Century Company, New York.

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KOREA: A DEGENERATE STATE[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Special Correspondent for The Outlook in the Far East

This is the first of a series of three articles founded upon Mr. Kennan's observation and study of conditions in Korea the past summer. They will deal with the personality of the Korean Emperor, the venality of Korean officials, the degradation of the people, the Japanese administration of affairs in that country, and the future of Korea.—THE EDITORS.

THERE is now in progress in the Far East a social and political experiment which, in point of interest and importance, is not surpassed, I think, by anything of the kind recorded in history. For the first time in the annals of the East, one Asiatic nation is making a serious and determined effort to transform and civilize another. Asiatic peoples, in centuries past, have exchanged ideas, arts, or products, and the higher has sometimes handed down its knowledge and such civilization as it had to the lower; but no Oriental nationality ever made a conscious and intelligent attempt to uplift and regenerate a neighbor until Japan, a few months ago, took hold of Korea. The interest and importance of this experiment are not wholly due to its unique and unprecedented character. An experiment may be new and yet have little or no bearing on human progress and welfare. The Korean experiment, however, is not one of this kind, inasmuch as its results are likely to affect vitally the interests and happiness of millions of people, and may completely transform social and political conditions not only in Korea but throughout the vast empire of China. The present war has made Japan the predominant Power in eastern Asia, and there can be little doubt, I think, that she is about to assume the leadership of the so-called Yellow Race. In the Korean experiment we may see what capacity for leadership she has, and what are likely to be the results of the exercise of her newly acquired influence and strength in the wide field thrown open to her by her recent victories. She has successfully transformed and regenerated herself, but has she the disposition and the ability to uplift and civilize the degenerate nation on the other side of the Tsushima Strait, or to guide wisely and unselfishly the greater and more promising people on the other side of the Yellow Sea? It is my purpose, in this and subsequent articles, to state the Korean problem and to show under what conditions and in what way Japan is trying to solve it.

The first thing that strikes a traveler in going from Japan to Korea is the extraordinary contrast between the cleanness, good order, industry, and general prosperity of one country, and the filthiness, demoralization, laziness, and general rack and ruin of the other. The inhabitants of the two empires seem to be ethnologically related, and they resemble each other somewhat in color and in physical type; but in moral and intellectual characteristics they are as far apart as the Dutch and the Venezuelans. The Japanese are clean, enterprising, intelligent, brave, well educated, and strenuously industrious, while the Koreans strike a newcomer as dirty in person and habits, apathetic, slow-witted, lacking in spirit, densely ignorant, and constitutionally lazy. So far as history enables one to judge, the two peoples had a fair and equal start, and there is reason to believe that at first the Koreans took the lead; but, as a result of the feudal system, and of other causes not fully and clearly ascertainable, Japan advanced, improved, and eventually developed a high type of individual and national character, while Korea gradually declined, lost what character and culture she had, and finally sank to a level little above that of Hayti and San Domingo.

The impression prevails in America

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that Korea has a real civilization, but that it has been arrested in process of development, and has come to a state of stagnation like that which we observe in China. It seems to me, however, that Korea presents a case, not of arrested development, but of disintegration and decay. Its civilization has not become stagnant, it has rotted. China may fairly be regarded as an imprisoned and cramped organism which would grow if it were set free and stimulated. Korea is an organism that has become so diseased as to lose its power of growth; and it can be restored to a normal condition only by a long course of remedial treatment. With these few words of preface to indicate the nature and difficulty of the Korean problem, I shall proceed first to a consideration of the conditions and limitations under which Japan is forced to work in her attempt to solve it. These conditions and limitations may conveniently be grouped under three heads: (1) The Emperor; (2) The Government; and (3) The People.

1. The Emperor. In February of last year the Governments of Japan and Korea entered into a formal agreement by virtue of which Japan undertook to "insure the safety and repose of the Imperial House of Korea," and to "guarantee the independence and integrity of the Korean Empire," while Korea promised to "place full confidence in the Imperial Government of Japan," and to "adopt the advice of the latter with regard to improvement in administration." As a result of this agreement Japan is now bound to work for the regeneration of Korea through and by means of the existing Korean Government, or at least through and by means of the Korean Emperor and his subordinates. Her limitations, therefore, are such as ours would be if we were compelled to govern and civilize the Philippines through a Filipino Emperor, aided by a Filipino Cabinet and supported by a full set of Filipino officials in all positions of responsibility and trust. The parallel is not a perfect one, but, for the purpose of my argument, it errs on the right side, inasmuch as the Tagalogs and Visayans probably stand higher in character, education, and ability than the great mass of the Koreans. Japan's task, therefore, is more difficult than ours would be under the conditions assumed. The proof of this statement seems to me abundant and conclusive. Take first, for example, the Korean Emperor. An American gentleman of impartiality and sound judgment, who has lived many years in Korea and has had an opportunity to know him well, describes him as follows:

"The Emperor of Korea is a gentle little man, who has sinned away his day of grace, and now sits unconscious of the crack of doom impending. He has a pleasant face and a gracious smile. Of late years his teeth have turned yellow, and he is getting puffy under the eyes; but he is still handsome—as Koreans go. He has none of the marks of a savage, either in his face or in his voice, but seems admirably suited to a drawing-room of the time of Moab and Edom, could he have lived then. He is an abstemious man in his meat and drink, and quiet in all his ways. He smokes little, and chews nothing but an amber bead. He is a head shorter than the Crown Prince, but wiser, on the whole.[1] He likes dress, and to play with the stars and garters of his Order of the Indian Empire and the other decorations that have been brought to him from over the sea. He is unconscious as a child, stubborn as a Boer, ignorant as a Chinaman, and vain as a Hottentot. He has read nothing, and has heard only flattery for forty years. The atmosphere that surrounds him is one of dense ignorance, and consequently he is as timid as a fallow deer. He is extremely superstitious, and makes up for his lack of book-learning by séances with spirit-rappers and consulters of the eternal shades. He loves his sorceresses, witches, wise-women, and ground-doctors, and consults them constantly on the affairs of State. Not a day passes but messages come to him from the spirits of the dead. He is kindly disposed, and only the other day sent a special gift to help a poor old coolie whose tumble-down hut and poverty he happened to see when he was on

[1] The Crown Prince has partially lost his mind as the result of spinal disease.—G. K.

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his way from his burned Chongdong palace. He does not like his people, because they scare him with their Independence Clubs and Societies for the Propagation of Peace. He will have the head off his best friend if that friend gives him cause for alarm. He and his older brother are not on speaking terms—in fact, he would be very glad indeed to have his older brother depart this life. He is afraid of his nephew, Prince Chung-Yong in Japan, and would like to have him quietly and quickly put out of the way. His own son, Prince Eui-Wha, now in America, keeps at a safe distance, for he has failed on more than one occasion to obey his father, and knows full well that if he returned, unprotected, his life would be but a shadow that passes away. This gentle little man, who consults his horoscope through the medium of soft-handed women, can order the execution of a friend without a tear, and then go on playing with his stars and trinkets. He has never advanced one step in the way of true reform, and yet he takes a deep interest in the drawing-room touches of Western life. He knows the exact difference between the uniforms of the representatives who appear before him, and just how many gold strings there are to each country's epaulets. He has studied clocks, watches, and barometers, not as articles for use, but as ornaments. He likes machine guns, not to fire off, but to make believe with. He is, indeed, a spoiled child, who regards his little country as something created for his special delectation, and all the people as flocks and herds intended for his slaughter. He is as incapable of grasping the meaning of the age he lives in as a ten-year-old youngster would be of taking Port Arthur."

Although this character sketch is admirably accurate so far as it goes, it does not by any means complete the portrait of the Emperor as a ruler and a man. He is absolutely incapable of forming a correct judgment with regard to men and events, and in consequence of this mental disability he is deceived by his courtiers and robbed and cheated by all who have business dealings with him. If a soothsayer, a fortune-teller, or a fictitious spirit tells him that the Russians will shortly drive the Japanese out of Korea—a thing that he ardently hopes for—he gives full credence to the prediction, and tries to shape his conduct or his policy in accordance with it. If a sorcerer declares that a certain palace or a certain banqueting hall is an inauspicious place of entertainment for a distinguished foreign guest or visitor, he will order the removal, at the last moment, of a luncheon or dinner that is all ready to be served. Foreigners whom he has entertained tell me that, by direction of fortune-tellers or spirit mediums, he has had such changes made two or three times in succession in the course of a single hour.

But these are, comparatively, trifles. Under the influence of personal fear, the pressure of stronger characters in his Cabinet, or the misleading and often malevolent counsel of sorcerers and soothsayers, he is ready to sanction or permit the most diabolical treachery and cruelty. Only five years ago he lured back from the safe refuge of Japan, under promise of a fair trial, two obnoxious Korean reformers named An-Kyung-Su and Kwan-Yung-Jin, who are described by a well-known American resident of Seoul as two of the best men that Korea in late years has produced. Having got them into his power, by means of a promise that he apparently did not intend to keep, he had them secretly put to death in prison. During the greater part of his long reign, and even up to a time that is still recent, bodily torture has been a recognized and essential feature of what is known in Korea as judicial procedure; and the Government, with his Majesty's sanction or permission, has burned men with hot irons, imprisoned them in cangues, broken their bones with levers, or torn them asunder by driving apart four bullocks harnessed to their ankles and wrists. While the Emperor was a refugee in the Russian Legation at Seoul, in 1896, Mr. Waeber, the Russian Minister, persuaded him to put a stop to these inhuman practices; but the prohibition was enforced for a period of only six months. When the royal fugitive went back to his palace, the torture of prisoners and witnesses began again.

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To what extent the Emperor himself was responsible for the barbarous custom of hanging or impaling the heads of decapitated "traitors" on spikes over the Little West Gate of the capital, and distributing bloody fragments of their dismembered bodies throughout the provinces as a warning to the disaffected, I do not know; but certain it is that men who had been guilty of these atrocities were often advanced and rewarded. The assassin of the Korean reformer Kim-Okkyun, for example, was given an important position in his Majesty's service, while another murderer, who had attempted to take the life of the liberal Pak-Yong-Hyo, was made Minister of Justice. Thieves, extortioners, counterfeiters, torturers, and assassins have again and again held positions in the Emperor's Cabinet, and even now—in this year 1905—the Korean Minister of War, Yi-Yong-Ik, is an uneducated coolie who is so unclean personally as to be offensive to the senses, and who is described by foreign residents of Seoul as a low-born, illiterate, and unscrupulous adventurer, who has accumulated an immense fortune through extortion and fraud, and who manages to retain his position by supplying money to the Emperor when the latter is financially in need.

Most bad and vicious rulers have had at least the redeeming virtue of personal courage; but the Emperor of Korea is not only bad, but weak and cowardly. Shortly after the murder of the Queen he moved into a palace in the Chongdong quarter of Seoul, where he was surrounded with foreign legations, and where he thought he would have the latter's protection. In this new place of residence he has changed all his habits of life in the hope of escaping danger. Fearing assassination in the hours of darkness, he sits up all night, talking with courtiers, eunuchs, and sorcerers, and goes to bed only when returning daylight gives him a feeling of personal security. He eats his breakfast just before sunset, takes dinner at one o'clock in the morning, and sups when the other residents of the capital are beginning to get up—and this practice he has followed for years. For some weeks after the assassination of the Queen he was so afraid of being poisoned that he would eat no food except that which had been brought in a locked chest from the kitchen of an American missionary. He never ventures outside the walled and strongly guarded inclosure of the palace, and spends most of his time in a room eight or ten feet square, which is situated in the midst of other rooms, and which is so close and damp that, in spite of its floor-covering of oiled paper, it often has to be dried out by artificial heat, even in the sultry dog-days of midsummer. In this hot, damp cubby-hole the Emperor, surrounded by his attendants, feels comparatively safe; and there he virtually lives from one year's end to another.

Such, in general outline, is the character of the ruler whose "safety and repose" the Japanese Government has promised to "insure," whose "independence" it has "guaranteed," and whose methods it has undertaken to reform by means of benevolent "advice." Reforming such a country, by advising such a ruler, strikes an observer as a more hopeless task than attempting to empty an overflowing cistern with a sieve!

2. The Government. Under this head are comprised (*a*) the Emperor's Cabinet, consisting of nine ministers; (*b*) the sorcerers, soothsayers, fortune-tellers, and mudangs or spirit mediums, who influence and often control legislation; (*c*) the governors of the thirteen provinces; and (*d*) the magistrates or prefects of the three hundred and forty-four prefectures into which the provinces are divided. All of the official positions in classes (*c*) and (*d*) are nominally filled by Imperial appointment, but the selection of appointees is subject to court influence, "pull," or intrigue, and, as a rule, the offices are sold to the highest bidders. Provincial governors pay from ten thousand to forty thousand Korean dollars[1] for their places, and then not only recoup themselves but amass fortunes by robbing the defenseless people whom they are sent to govern. As there are no independent law courts, and as every governor or prefect is a judge as well as an administrator, a Korean who

[1] The Korean nickel dollar has about one-fourth the intrinsic value of an American gold dollar.

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is robbed must seek redress from the robber. If he be a man of resolute character and some means, he may carry his grievance to the Supreme Court in Seoul, but as that court is a component part of the palace ring which appointed the robber, the victim of the injustice is merely appealing from brigand No. 2 to brigand No. 1, and may regard himself as fortunate if No. 1 does not take away from him all that No. 2 has left.

The methods of robbery in the provinces and prefectures are illegal and excessive taxation, "squeezes" on all official business, imprisonment on trumped-up charges, seizure of property without warrant or excuse of any kind, and barefaced extortion on pretexts that are often so fantastic and preposterous as to be almost incredible. In one case that was reported to me, an ingenious extortioner bribed one of the Emperor's ministers to bestow a decoration upon a well-to-do Korean in a northern province. Taking the decoration in his hand, he went to the prospective victim of the plot and said to him: "I am delighted to be the bearer of good news and a reward of merit. His Majesty the Emperor has graciously deigned to bestow upon you the decoration of the second class of the Order of the Plum Blossom, and to send it to you by my unworthy hand." Then, taking the glittering star out of his pocket and delivering it to the astonished Korean, he added: "The expenses connected with the bestowal of this high honor will be five thousand dollars."

"But," objected the Korean, in dismay, "I have done nothing to deserve such a decoration, and I can't afford to pay for it. Five thousand dollars would cover all the property I have."

"Then you scorn the Imperial gift and insult his Majesty by refusing to accept it, do you?" cried the extortioner, in pretended anger. "We'll see about that!" And, going to the governor of the province, he bribed the latter to throw the recalcitrant Korean into prison on a charge of lese-majesty. There he lay until he was forced at last to spend all that he had in purchasing the second-class cross of the Imperial Order of the Plum Blossom—a decoration that was nominally bestowed upon him as a mark of distinction and a reward of merit. This, perhaps, is an extreme case, so far as the grotesque absurdity of the pretext for extortion is concerned, but, regarded merely as a case of injustice, it is far less flagrant than scores of others that might be cited. Many Korean governors and prefects do not take the trouble to invent a pretext, but simply seize the property of a man who has failed to pay for immunity, and throw him into prison. While I was in Seoul, seventy Korean farmers from Pingyang were there, making a united effort to recover property to the value of 1,500,000 Korean dollars, which had been forcibly taken from them by the late provincial governor, Min-Yong-Ju. This was a plain case of robbery with violence, and the remonstrances of the victims had been temporarily silenced by means of imprisonment and the lash. The "News Calendar" of the "Korea Review" contains references to dozens, if not scores, of such cases, and of course there are hundreds that never come to the light of publicity.

It must be remembered, moreover, that the Korean people have been accustomed to "squeezes" and illegal exactions for centuries, and that they protest or resist only when robbery passes the extreme limit of endurance. If a governor or a prefect "squeezes" moderately and with discretion, he may do so with impunity—the people will not "kick"—but if he resorts to general violence, or attempts to "squeeze" for his own use ten times or twenty times as much as he collects in legal taxes, there is apt to be trouble. You may rob some of the Koreans all of the time, or all of them some of the time; but if you rob all of them all of the time and without limit, you are finally dragged out of your house and beaten or kicked to death in the streets. This happened, in September last, to Pak-U-Yang, the magistrate of a prefecture only ten miles south of Seoul. In several other recent cases prefects have been mobbed or driven away from their posts, and I presume that this happens in some part of Korea almost every week, inasmuch as lynch law is the only law that affords Korean peasants any protection or redress.

The natural and inevitable result of

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such a state of affairs is impoverishment and demoralization. When all that a man can earn over and above the bare means of subsistence is taken away from him by corrupt and unscrupulous officials, he loses the incentive to work and sinks almost to the level of an indolent pauper. The financial burden of the people ought not to be heavy. The revenue of the central government last year was only fourteen million Korean dollars, and this sum, divided among twelve million people, would amount to a tax of less than $1.25 per capita. If the Koreans, in proportion to their number, paid as much in taxes as the Japanese pay without difficulty, the revenue of the central government would be fifty-five or sixty million Korean dollars instead of fourteen million. Mr. Homer B. Hulbert, a close student of Korean affairs, estimates that three Japanese yen per annum, or one dollar and fifty cents in American gold, will cover all legal taxes on the average Korean farmer's house and land. Inasmuch as the average farmer probably earns twenty times that amount, and might earn fifty times as much, he ought to be fairly prosperous, and he undoubtedly would be if he were not "squeezed" by a horde of hungry officials and were not compelled to support another horde of "yangbans" and idlers.

The central government at Seoul regards the "squeezing" of the population with indifference, so long as it does not lead to violence and disorder. For this there are two reasons. In the first place, the ministers, sorcerers, and high-placed officials who sell the provincial offices expect, as a matter of course, that the governors and prefects will get back from the people the money that they have paid for their positions; and, in the second place, the palace ring of eunuchs, fortune-tellers, and courtiers is engaged in robbery on its own account. When the Emperor wishes to buy a house—and he has a mania for purchases of that kind—one of his ministers attends to the business for him; and by paying the owner of the property $20,000 and charging the Emperor $60,000, the ministerial agent is able to put $40,000 into his own pocket without trouble or risk. When $650,000 is appropriated for the burial of the Queen Dowager, or $1,000,000 for the funeral expenses of the Crown Princess, every inhabitant of the palace gets a slice of the plum-cake, from the Emperor himself down to the fourth-class eunuchs.

In almost everything connected with the palace there is a "squeeze," a bribe, or a steal.[1] If this were not conclusively proved by the testimony of all who have had opportunities to know, it might be inferred from some of the items that appear in the latest annual budget of the Minister of Finance. Take, for example, the appropriation for the central bureau of police at Seoul. It provides $27,000 for an office, $10,725 for rations, $44,242 for uniforms, and $212,194 for salaries and miscellaneous expenses. The Pension Bureau is maintained at a cost of $27,552, and it grants pensions to the amount of $1,956. The Mining Bureau has no mines to superintend, and submits no report of work done, but it costs $10,453, and spends $5,289 in "traveling"—presumably in search of work. The Korean navy, which consists of one old gunboat, is charged with an annual expenditure of $450,604. The Bureau of Decorations costs $19,560, and the Bureau of Ceremony and the Bureau of Propriety together consume $21,508. I have been unable to ascertain the nature of the services rendered to the State by the Bureau of Propriety; but I suppose something of that kind is needed to fix the proper limits of official "squeezes." There would be an obvious impropriety in squeezing only one hundred dollars out of a Korean farmer when he could pay two hundred without any immediate danger of starving to death.

Underlying each of the items above specified there is doubtless a substratum

[1] An exception must be made in the case of the new palace now in course of construction under the vigilant supervision of Mr. J. McLeavy Brown, chief of customs, and also in the case of the three foreigners—Miss Sontag, Miss Cook, and Mr. Cohen—who are employed respectively to superintend Imperial entertainments, attend to the education of the young prince, and manage the electric light plant. Dr. Morrison, Far Eastern correspondent of the London "Times," has described the three employees last named as "foreign parasites;" but no metaphor could be more unfair or unjust. They perform faithfully certain duties, and receive a certain reasonable compensation, and, from my point of view, they earn double the amounts that they receive. One of them, to my certain knowledge, saves the Emperor about $60,000 a year.

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of legitimate cost; but when the current expenses of a single inactive gunboat amount annually to $450,000, and when sums of $16,000, $20,000, $23,000, and $27,000 are appropriated every year for "offices," in such a city as Seoul, the items themselves are sufficient evidence of "graft."

It is interesting and instructive to compare the sums spent in securing the comfort and safety of the Emperor with the sums appropriated for such objects as education, public works, and the security of the people. The former are set forth in the budget as follows:

Imperial privy purse	$1,103,359
Imperial "sacrifices"	186,041
Palace construction	300,000
Palace guard	170,256
Special palace guard	81,978
Total	$1,751,634

Some of the items of expenditure for the benefit of the Korean people are as follows:

All public schools outside of the capital—schools for the education of ten or twelve millions of people	$27,718
Public works	424
"Suppressing robbers"	500
Total	$28,642

One million seven hundred thousand dollars for the comfort and safety of the ruler, and twenty-eight thousand for education, public works, and the suppression of robbers in provinces inhabited by ten or twelve millions of the ruled, would seem to be glaringly disproportionate even in the Orient; but under the head of "incidentals" the budget provides an "emergency fund" of $1,158,000 which might possibly be used for the benefit of the people if they should suddenly begin to die off in a general epidemic of acute cerebral anæmia, or if common, everyday robbers should threaten to strip them so bare as to leave no plunder whatever for the official robbers.

The largest single appropriation in the budget is $5,180,614 for the army; and the usefulness of that organization, and the state of discipline existing therein, may be inferred from the fact that when the Pingyang regiment was ordered north to the Yalu, last year, its colonel called the men together and asked all those who wished to go to hold up their hands. Six hundred of them decided to make the march, but two hundred even of this resolute fraction deserted before the regiment reached its destination.

Stealing from the treasury by means of "cooked" accounts, however, is not sufficient in itself to meet the requirements of the ministers, courtiers, sorcerers, soothsayers, geomancers, spirit mediums, concubines, eunuchs, and multitudinous attendants who surround the throne; and it often becomes necessary, therefore, to resort to counterfeiting, double sales of the same tract of public land, and the private sale of Government concessions. Counterfeiting is practiced by almost everybody. High officials of the Court take up that avocation "on the side," and Cabinet Ministers are allowed to borrow the dies from the Imperial mint and coin nickels for their own use to an indefinite amount.[1] As the genuine nickel five-cent piece contains only two cents' worth of valuable metal, this irregular and unrecorded issue of coin by favored Ministers is a money-making avocation in more senses than one. Even when the five-cent pieces are kept up to the prescribed standard of fineness, there is a quasi-legitimate profit of sixty per cent. But why should a ministerial coiner put two cents' worth of nickel into his product when half a cent's worth will do just as well? It would be foolish, and the Bureau of Propriety would condemn it instantly! So he lowers the standard of fineness to ten per cent., and coins money which has little more value than the brass cash.

In this summary review of the methods practiced by Korean officials in robbing the Emperor, the people, and one another, I have failed, perhaps, to cover the whole ground; but I must leave some space for a brief reference, at least, to another aspect of Korean administration. Nothing strikes an investigator more forcibly or impresses him more

[1] The five-cent nickel is the principal coin of Korea, and has taken the place, to a great extent, of the old brass baggage-checks known as "cash." As Mr. Hulbert has justly remarked, "It is the ideal coin to counterfeit." A silver piece may easily be tested, but spurious nickels not only pass from hand to hand in paper-wrapped rolls, but are difficult of detection even when examined singly.

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strangely than the extraordinary contrasts and incongruities presented by modern Korean life, particularly in the sphere of government. Sometimes the same chapter of history contains an account of a ghastly tragedy sandwiched between two scenes from a comic opera; and sometimes the incongruity appears in the shape of an apparently impossible sequence of events, or the bringing together of ideas that would never be naturally associated in any sane mind. After reading the historical record of two thousand years of Korean misrule, bloodshed, treachery, and torture, one is not surprised at the murder of reformers, the public exposure of their heads, and the distribution of fragments of their dismembered bodies throughout the provinces; but when the official murderers get together in the palace, on a pleasant afternoon, and establish a Bureau of Propriety, the contrast between the primitive savagery on one hand and the suggestion of polite conventionality on the other gives one's mental processes a sudden jolt. Modern Korean history is full of such contrasts and incongruities, but I have room for only a few illustrations, taken almost at random, from re cent numbers of the "Korea Review."

In January of last year the police of Pingyang and the soldiers stationed in that city suddenly took up burglary as an avocation, and began plundering the houses of the inhabitants. When the governor ventured to remonstrate, they became very indignant and threatened to disband and leave the city without police and military protection! ("Korea Review," January, 1904, p. 30). Korean soldiers are strictly forbidden to sell or pawn their uniforms; but they are allowed to hold a mass-meeting and vote on the question whether or not they shall go to a place to which they have been ordered ("Korea Review," January, 1904, p. 176, and May, 1904, p. 221). A Korean official may be a robber, a torturer, or a murderer, and still hold his position, but if he goes into mourning for a dead relative he must resign ("Korea Review," April, 1905, p. 156). A Korean peasant in Kongju happened to accuse the wrong man of theft, and the prefectural authorities gouged out both of his eyes as a warning to be more careful in identification ("Korea Review," April, 1905, p. 167). About the same time the local officials in another prefecture prohibited riding in silk-upholstered chairs and the wearing of silken clothes, and directed that no women except professional dancing-girls should be allowed to ride in jinrikishas ("Korea Review," July, 1905, p. 317). The Emperor issued a proclamation inculcating virtue and urging officials to be more diligent in the performance of their duties; and a little later the Vice-Premier asked his Majesty to punish the Chief of Police and two Vice-Ministers for gambling in the palace ("Korea Review," January, 1905, p. 38). Some of the facts set forth in this article might seem to justify the conclusion that the Korean people generally have a hard time; but among the inscriptions in Chinese ideographs over the shops of Korean merchants in Seoul I observed and copied the following: "The People Enjoy Peace and Pleasure," "We are Successors to the Work of Shinno and Save the People," "Heaven and Earth are Comprised in this Residence," "The Spring Light is Clear and Beautiful," "Thousands of Treasures Gather Together in the Morning," "Ten Thousand Pounds of Pure Gold," "Distribute Liberally and Save the Populace," "The House of Happiness and Virtue," "Benevolence, Righteousness, Courtesy, Wisdom, Fidelity, and Filial Obedience." These inscriptions certainly would lead a newcomer to suppose that in Korea he had found at last a land of virtue, prosperity, and happiness; but the mental jolt that he would get when he came to investigate the palace would probably dislocate all his faculties and reduce him to a state of imbecility!

The activities and operations of the existing Korean Government may briefly be summed up as follows: It takes from the people, directly and indirectly, everything that they earn over and above a bare subsistence, and gives them in return practically nothing. It affords no adequate protection to life or property; it provides no educational facilities that deserve notice; it builds no roads; it

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does not improve its harbors; it does not light its coasts; it pays no attention whatever to street-cleaning or sanitation; it takes no measures to prevent or check epidemics; it does not attempt to foster national trade or industry; it encourages the lowest forms of primitive superstition; and it corrupts and demoralizes its subjects by setting them examples of untruthfulness, dishonesty, treachery, cruelty, and a cynical brutality in dealing with human rights that is almost without a parallel in modern times.

It may be thought that, in painting this picture of Korean administration, I have used colors that are too dark; but Americans, Englishmen, and Germans who are far better acquainted with Korea than I can pretend to be use black more freely than I do. In speaking of the Emperor and his officials, the Rev. Dr. James S. Gale, who is an accomplished Korean scholar, and who has spent a large part of his life on the peninsula, says emphatically: "No government ever existed that was more infected with rottenness to the bones." And it is this government through which Japan must work in her attempt to regenerate the Korean people.

My third division of the general subject, the Korean people, will be treated in a separate article.

Seoul, Korea.

The Rising Spirit of China

From a Special Correspondent in Shanghai

AN American lawyer and the secretary to a Chinese nobleman happened into my office in Shanghai almost simultaneously. The salutations were soon over, and, fans having been distributed to alleviate the hottest weather for thirty summers, I opened the conversation by a leading question. This was quite non-Oriental, but the Chinese friend did not expect Orientalisms from me.

I. "I wish you would tell us the distinct demands of the boycott leaders."

The Secretary. "They are very simple; the Chinese newspapers give them clearly."

I. "Yes, and they print a great deal of diatribe also, which I can't believe you indorse."

A pause.

I. "For instance, to-day they accuse us Americans of butchery, kidnapping, and indecent assault upon Chinese women in America."

Secretary. "All that is unauthorized, of course; we are not circulating such absurd statements. Here are our demands."

I (interrupting). "Recall the Confucian doctrine of choosing the middle course, and give us the minimum demands that the United Guilds Committee will accept."

Secretary. "Yes, the Doctrine of the Mean. Of course our demands can be modified, for you always ask for more than you expect to get. But, first, as to the 'exempt classes.' Merchants, students, travelers, officials, are exempt, are they not? Yes. Well, do you know that Chinese professors, clergymen, bankers, buyers for mercantile houses, manufacturers, storekeepers, compradores, doctors, literary men, editors, and publishers have been and are excluded, along with coolies, from entry into America? They are not 'exempt classes;' hundreds of Chinese gentlemen have found this out to their sorrow."

The Lawyer. "Now, Mr. Secretary, do you mean to tell me that a compradore or a banker is refused admission?"

Secretary. "Certainly. No banker would claim to be a merchant, and if he did they would throw him out at San Francisco as a fraud. The Immigration Bureau interprets 'merchant' to mean 'merchant' in the strict English sense—not a retailer but a wholesaler. The business must be in his name, and he must show the volume of this business. His silent partner, his buyer, or his selling agent cannot land. The door is slammed in their faces. So we demand that the list of 'exempt classes' shall be

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greatly enlarged so as to cover the gentlemen of China."

I. "You have a right to demand this much, at least. What next?"

Secretary. "We demand, in the second place, that all examination, of every sort and nature, shall be completed at the port of departure from China, so that we who have passports can walk off the steamer's deck at San Francisco as freely as Japanese, Koreans, Siamese, or Russians."

Lawyer. "Yes, out of self-respect you must insist on that. The 'cattle-pen' treatment at San Francisco must cease. 'America must accede to this demand."

Secretary. "Our third demand is that Chinese shall not be singled out for 'exclusion.' It is an insult to our whole country. Either America must exclude all Asiatic labor or admit Chinese who qualify under the general immigration law."

Lawyer. "But, Mr. Secretary, you have gone too far; this is not practical; the American Government will never listen to you."

Secretary. "Will they listen to reason?"

Lawyer. "Yes, but remember the Doctrine of the Mean."

Secretary. "The time will soon come when China will not stand this exclusion business. We claim that either 'exclusion' and 'exempt classes' should be applied to all other nations or not to China. America would not suffer if there were no 'exclusion treaty.' At present the general immigration law requires that an immigrant must have thirty dollars gold in hand, must not have a contract, must be able to read and write English, etc. Why don't you make this law stiffer, and then treat all alike? You admit Nihilists and Mafias. But let me remind you that no Chinese has ever murdered a President."

Fortunately, at this point in the conversation there was an interruption. The secretary's glowing English sentences had warmed with his blood, and the lawyer and I were feeling the indefensibleness of our National position. A Chinese wholesale tea merchant and a professor came in and were seated. The merchant had visited the St. Louis Fair, and the professor some years ago had taken his degree at Jefferson's ancient seat of letters.

The conversation went on.

Lawyer. "But can the Chinese hold out?"

Tea Merchant. "Taotai-Tseng says he will give his life as well as his fortune before he will back down."

Lawyer. "It is commonly reported that he is making money hand over fist."

Tea Merchant. "Not a word of truth in it. He told me yesterday that he had already spent twenty thousand taels in telegrams, etc., and I know that he has refused to receive any money from others to help on the boycott."

Secretary. "I am not sure that we can hold out. This is the first time we Chinese have ever tried such united action, but so far we are surprised at our own unity. Whether we can hold out till Congress acts on the treaty has yet to be seen—none of us know. But my personal opinion is that the Boycott Committee could not call it off now if they tried. It has gone too far."

Lawyer. "But do you realize that you are hurting your best friends?"

Professor. "Yes, in many cases that is so, but China has begun to awaken, and this treaty has to be settled now."

They arose, as if to go.

Tea Merchant. "If we succeed in getting justice from America now, we may then boycott the nation that forces opium down our throats, and the others that grab our provinces. This is the beginning of a new era in China, an era in which the thinking classes will exercise their right to rule public opinion."

After profuse apologies, for fear lest some remark might have been taken as personal, the group separated for the night, and my respect for the Oriental grew as I cast my mind back over the recent past.

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The End of the Feud

In Two Parts—II.

By M. C. Skeel

ALL Shoestring Valley and the ridgeside seethed and bubbled with the Mallett-Trafford strife; at one time it was said that twenty per cent. of the people in the county were either in jail or held as witnesses in cases arising from it. Dan Mallett, egged on by a vengeful wife, shot an uncle who taunted him with treachery to the name, and took leg bail to Texas, whither Bill, recovered from his wounds, had preceded him. This was merely to avoid the discomfort of arrest and imprisonment; white men were not often punished for murder in that part of Tennessee. If the murdered man chanced to be of any account, his relatives took the matter in hand; if not, it was small loss anyway; why bother with the law and raise taxes?

Meanwhile, Albert Trafford at nineteen found himself the masculine head of two households. During the year that followed the murder he did the work of two men; always going about armed, silent, stern, and watchful. Sometimes memory and fury burned so hot within him that he would go away by himself and tramp restlessly up and down like a wild beast.

Bill Mallett died of yellow fever at Galveston. When the news reached Shoestring Valley, they missed Albert Trafford from his home all day. At evening his stepmother found him in the woods, stretched out upon a log like a sullen snake, and gazing moodily at the ground.

"Yes, he done shot yore paw in the back, an' he's been let to die quiet in his bed; but there's more of 'em, Al," said the widow; and the youth rose up with a half-groan. "But I wanted him," he said.

Two of Bill's brothers had to leave the country, and went to the Far West, whence they returned no more; a fourth was killed by an explosion in a coal mine. Of Luke Mallett's five sons there remained only the boy who lived on the other side of the mountain. Luke himself, beginning to tremble with palsy, made his home with a daughter.

Changes came into Trafford's own life. His sister-in-law married again. The father of Mrs. Abram Trafford came to live with her; he was still hale and hearty and able to manage the farm. Albert Trafford was free—free to follow a longing that had grown up beside that for vengeance, and which was nearly as strong and deep.

Above the clatter of the mill-wheel, or while his plow turned up the stony soil, there sang to him day after day from the heights above the alluring peal of the bell of the mission school. Once more he borrowed the old arithmetic; once more forgot even revenge in the fascinations of fractions and the rule of three.

He worked in the mines that winter, and when the soft gray-green of spring crept from the valley up the mountainside Albert Trafford followed it. Followed to enter a new world and a new life; a world of new speech and manner and habit of thought; a life that meant uplift and opportunity.

The dormitories were full; he found a home with the Perrins, a Northern family who dwelt in Fairview because of its healthfulness, and who gave him room and board for his help about the place. Nevertheless, when Mrs. Perrin learned the identity of her boarder she was loth to take or keep him. The story of the Mallett-Trafford feud was well known the length and breadth of the ridge.

"Really, I am afraid of him," she confided to Mrs. Hastings, wife of the Fairview principal. "Why, there are days when he scarcely speaks to us, and nights when I hear him prowling back and forth in his room half the night. And Peter Dawson says," this with a worried

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smile, "that he carries a revolver and bowie-knife under each armpit, and is sworn to kill Malletts on sight."

Mrs. Hastings gave a little gasp of scorn. "Peter does tell such *dreadful* stories! I simply don't believe it. You try him for a little while and see."

Soon moody suspicion and sullen shyness wore away, and Mrs. Perrin ceased to be troubled. Still of himself or his plans, except with regard to the school, the newcomer seldom spoke either to teachers or fellow-pupils. To the former he was obedient and attentive; the latter took no liberties with him.

Once, when he had been in Fairview perhaps a month, he said to Mrs. Hastings, from the first his favorite among the members of the Faculty: "Yes'm, I were baptized inter the Shoestring four year ago, and done got religion the year before that."

Looking gravely at her, he added, after a pause, "But 'twa'n't you-all's kind."

He flung himself into his new work with fierce ardor. Shoestring Valley watched his progress from afar with mingled pride and suspicion, and by the end of two years the Faculty agreed among themselves that he would stand favorable comparison with most young men of his own age.

Just before the beginning of the third school year a long-legged, shock-headed youth climbed up the western side of the mountain and presented himself to Mr. Hastings. When he went down again, he left the principal of Fairview stroking his beard, and his wife looking thoughtful.

Mr. Hastings: "Yes, I know the name is the same, but this lad comes from the other side of the mountain, and, besides, we can't take into account these family quarrels. I presume this particular one has died out; we have heard nothing of it for a long time. What a likable chap, and how much a couple of years here will do for him! Think of Albert—"

Mrs. Hastings: "Harvey, I *am* thinking of Albert."

Trafford did not return to school until the third day of the term. He was late, and went at once to a recitation. Hurrying from that to apprise the Perrins of his return, he came upon one of the new students sitting on the lower step of the outer stairs, and huddled disconsolately over a book.

The lad's forlorn attitude reminded Trafford of his own first days at the mission; he paused, and the youth looked up. His blue eyes seemed all the deeper in hue from their setting in the sunburned face.

"I'll be everlastingly dog-goned," he said, in a tone of whimsical despair, "if I kin make head or tail of this triflin' joggerphy lesson. What's the good of joggerphy, anyhow?"

Trafford smiled, and sat down beside him. "You've got the big book, I see. Ever study geography before?"

"Naw," shamefacedly. "But I reckon I'm big enough fer the biggest ther is."

"You're like the rest of us—want to run before we can walk," said Trafford. "You are here to learn, I reckon?"

"You bet I am!" The emphatic promptness made Trafford smile again.

"Then take the smaller book. You can't make any headway with this."

"What! me, as big as I be, start in with the babies? Gee!"

"You'll find plenty more like you down there. When I came here, two years ago, I took four of my six lessons in the primary department, after trying the big books and getting stuck. Now I'm doing fine."

The youth measured the speaker with his eye, half admiring, half envious. "Well," he said, with a melancholy whistle, "if that's what's to do, I'll do hit, or bust somethin' tryin'."

He waved the covers of the book thoughtfully to and fro. "You see, over whar I live, school don't keep more'n six weeks in the year, and ain't of no 'count when hit does keep. I used to hear yon bell," nodding toward it, "a-ringin' and a-ringin'. Seemed like hit jest got after me and wouldn't leggo."

"So it did after me," said Trafford, interested at once in an experience so like his own.

"I always lotted on larnin', but none of my kin 'ceptin' grandmam had ary use fer books. Grandmam air quite a schollard; she kin read the Bible right along 'thout spellin'. The rest of the

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folks 'lowed hit were plumb foolishness fer me, big's I be, to start ter school."

"So did mine."

"But this blamed old bell give me no peace; follered me everywhere, no matter what I was a-doin'. Jing! 'peared like I could fairly hear hit talk."

"Whether you were plowing or hoeing, or awake or asleep," said Trafford. "Always saying, 'Come, come, come!'"

The black eyes and the blue met in perfect understanding.

"And grandmam said go try hit fer a spell; she'd get a neighbor girl to stay with her, and let the land out on sheers. I worked like a dog all summer, and I'll work forty summers but what I'll larn." His tone grew appealing: "You-all wa'n't never so almighty green as I be, I reckon?"

"Green!" said Trafford. His laugh carried assurance and encouragement with it. "We all were. They 'most had to cover us up when the cows came round. Don't mind the fun; you'll be poking it at some other fellow next year. It won't last long, and the teachers stand ready to help you, in school and out."

"I'll sort of hate to bother them every whipstitch." Once more the appeal became personal. "Could you give me a hist once in a while? I'd take hit right kind of you."

"Sure, and glad to. I room yonder, at Mr. Perrin's, and do chores for my keep. My name is Trafford; what is yours?"

"Mallett."

"*What?*"

"Charley Mallett."

They were on their feet facing each other—tiger and wolf. Gone every trace of sympathy, of appeal and response. The Mallett-Trafford feud dead, Mr. Hastings? Not yet—not yet.

"Albert," called the principal's wife, hastily summoned from a near-by classroom, "Albert—stop; listen to me." Neither moved a hair's breadth till she stood between them, compelling Trafford to face her. "Think of us—of Mr. Hastings and me; think of the school. You owe something to us; we have a right to look for self-control and restraint—we have a right to expect them, Albert—of you."

She was breathless and trembling, but her eyes were steady. Meeting them, the fury died out of Trafford's, leaving them dull and hard. His hands unclenched; the tense muscles relaxed.

"You have," he said, "you have," and, turning, walked slowly away. Mrs. Hastings never quite knew how she got back to her class-room; once there, she sank exhausted on one of the benches.

Meantime, observers, who had watched the interview from a safe distance, flocked about young Mallett.

"What—didn't know Al Trafford? You—didn't—know Al Trafford! And he didn't know you. Well, if that ain't the quarest!"

"I was looking to see him pull his gun every minute," declared Peter Dawson, excitedly. "Better be careful how you turn your back on him. He's jest the kind of sly, sullen fellow to shoot when you're off your guard."

Mallett, whose gaze had been fixed on the retreating figure of his adversary, turned full upon the speaker. "You lie," he said, succinctly, and the fight that followed went far to settle his status among the Fairview students.

Mr. Hastings had a talk with the two foemen. Both heard him in silence; both gave him the same promise in almost exactly the same terms.

"If he lets me alone, I'll let him alone—here." And that was all.

"I don't know whether to send them away or not," cried the perplexed principal. His wife said, "Keep them."

Young Mallett soon became a general favorite with everybody at the mission. He was not at all a quarrelsome fellow, in spite of Peter Dawson's evidence to the contrary, and often led in the laughter at his own mistakes with a shout of exuberant mirth that was simply irresistible. He worked hard, and was boyishly happy when the teachers praised him, as they had frequent occasion to do. Only on one subject was he as stern, silent, and unresponsive as Trafford himself, and that was the feud.

A close observer of the two would have noticed that their mutual avoidance did not prevent a lynx-like watchfulness on the part of both; few movements of the one were lost on the other. He

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would soon have perceived also that there was little of either fear or suspicion in this surveillance; rather a curious interest, a measuring of personality.

Once Mallett nearly paralyzed his fellow-students by leading in a stentorian shout, "Hurrah for Shoestring Valley!" when Trafford carried off the honors in a debate. Once Trafford, called upon in an emergency to teach a lower class, saw that embarrassment was driving Mallett, one of its members, into most absurd mistakes. Passing slowly from one to another of the workers at the blackboard, Trafford stopped at his enemy's elbow long enough to say, "You want the greatest common divisor, *not* the least common multiple." The quiet, ordinary tone brought Mallett to himself; he swept his errors from the board and began again, correctly.

The term drew to a close. Christmas that year fell upon a Wednesday, and the evening of the preceding Friday was chosen for the annual celebration at the mission. On the afternoon of that day Mrs. Hastings stood in the assembly-room, superintending the final decorative touches. Evergreens were heaped upon the desks and floor; a stately Christmas tree towered to the ceiling. Students of one or more annual experiences directed those having none, with joyous superiority; children from the barren hillsides, who never saw a Christmas tree in fruit, pattered noiselessly up the stairs, to gaze awestruck and retire bursting with anticipation.

One by one the workers finished their shares of the task and withdrew, until the room was nearly deserted. Mrs. Hastings sat wearily down at a desk, her attention divided between the decorations and the Christmas anthem receiving its final moments of practice on the floor below. In the pauses of the music the voices of children rose in clear, soft unison:

"And, lo! the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

The listener's heart thrilled suddenly. For he who stood at one end of the long platform, carefully placing the letters that should read "Peace on earth," was Albert Trafford; and opposite him Charley Mallett finished the twin phrase, "Good will to men."

They turned almost at the same moment, and, with no more change of expression than if he had been facing a blank wall, each gathered up an armful of the unused evergreen and left the room.

Trafford went home Saturday morning. Certain reports had preceded him, and that part of Shoestring Valley claiming kin with Abram Trafford had representatives who met at the homestead to greet Abram's son. On every face, in every voice, he read disapproval, even before his stepmother spoke, tragic as fate and as unappeased.

"I hear as how Charle' Mallett is up thar to that Yankee school. They must be bad off fer schollards if they'll take sich low-down hounds as them Malletts. 'Pears to me it's mighty brash of him to go whar you be, anyway, when Bill shot your paw in the back."

"He didn't know I was there; how should he—living all his life in Gum Gap?" said Trafford.

An uncle, Elvah Trafford, said sternly, "We ain't lookin' fer you-all to demean yourself coseyin' with any of the Malletts, no matter whar they come from."

Said Mrs. Trafford's father: "I 'lowed it wa'n't true. I 'lowed you'd roll his karkiss down the mounting 'fore he'd been thar a hour."

Trafford turned at bay. "Do you know what those folks up there are doing? They are giving us a chance we couldn't get in any other way. What do they know about our differences? what do they care who comes to school, so it's some one that wants to learn? They treat every one alike, and do the best they can for us all. Mallett and I are bound to make no trouble there."

A sound that was like a groan passed round the circle. Elvah Trafford spoke again, addressing the company generally.

"I reckon he's done fergot that day at Boltville, when his paw lay in the road, shot down like a dog. I reckon he's fergot how Ike Mallett an' Joe Parrish tried ter shoot him 'thout hittin' Bill an' bruk his wrist. Yes, I reckon he's done fergot hit all."

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Mrs. Trafford burst into a heartrending wail. "Oh, Al," she moaned, "you shore ain't fergettin' how they killed your paw, and jest the same as killed pore Jim."

"No," said Trafford, the old fury burning in his eyes; "no, I'm not forgetting."

He was to help the school carpenter make some necessary repairs during the vacation, and returned to Fairview. Sunday afternoon all day long a storm had been gathering; by evening it broke in fury over the mountain.

Trafford sat in his room at Mr. Perrin's, with his books open before him, but he could neither read nor study. The turmoil without only echoed that within: the age-long conflict between the old and the new, the savage and the man, the devil and the Christ.

Well he knew that in Shoestring Valley was scarce a man or woman who could understand that honor might mean something more than blood for blood. Well he knew that there they were not alone questioning his courage and his loyalty, but were whispering that in the stigma of his birth lay the reason for what seemed to them like treachery to the dead.

The thought was agony. He flung his arms above his head with a groan, and then sprang up, grasping a pistol that lay in the table drawer, for in the open doorway behind him appeared Charley Mallett.

His hat was sodden, his hair drenched with rain; water dripped in streams from the long "slicker" that covered him from head to foot. He paid no heed to the weapon in Trafford's hand, but looked at his foe, and then away in a strange embarrassment that held no touch of fear.

"There was a woman come through the Gap yisterday," he began, hurriedly. "She were on her way to Shoestring Valley, but when she got to our house she give clear out, and the doctor 'lows she won't last till mornin'."

He stopped. Trafford did not speak; indeed, he hardly knew what Mallett had been saying, and was conscious only of an angry wonder that the lad dared stand there and talk at all. Once more their eyes met, and the pistol dropped from Trafford's hand. What news did Charley Mallett bring that filled his soul with pity for a foe?

Mallett's gaze returned to his hat, which he had taken from his head, and was squeezing like a sponge. "Her name's Nora Roberts; she were lookin' for you-all," he said, and paused again.

"For me?" said Trafford, a vague, unpleasant memory stirring in the depths of his troubled thoughts.

In an anguish of embarrassment the visitor wrung his hat almost in two. "She 'lows she used to know your paw awful well," he said, and blushed to the roots of his dripping hair.

The blush drove comprehension home to Trafford. He caught at the table to steady himself, and heard Mallett's voice speaking through darkness from a great distance: "I rid the mule up, and you can ride him back. She's been a-calling for you all the afternoon."

Blankness again and they were at the outer door, the storm rushing in with a force that beat them back. Trafford turned to his companion and heard himself saying, "What will you do?"

"Never mind me. Git down thar as quick as you can." Then the tempest drove them apart and out into its wildest fury.

Trafford bent his head to the beating wind and rain; he could not guide the creature he bestrode, for the world was only raging blackness, torn by shrieking wind and wrapped about by sheets of frozen rain. After a time it seemed as if he had been riding in night and tempest from all eternity, and should be shut in by the black wall and hear the roar of the storm forevermore.

The mule halted; a glimpse of cheerful firelight flashed into the darkness, framing a little, old, white-capped woman, who reached out to draw Trafford in from the storm with many gentle exclamations and pats. "Oh, hit sure is an awful night! Never mind the beast, son; he'll go straight to his stall. You can't go in thar with these wet clothes on. Hyar's some o' Charle's by the fire."

Trafford changed his clothes and drank the coffee she had ready for him, listening, with ears strangely acute when

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the rest of him seemed so numb, to every sound in the tiny bedroom. On a stand in the middle of the room where he waited lay an open Bible, with a pair of spectacles resting on the leaves. Was it *that*, Trafford wondered dully, that made Charley Mallett so different from his kin?

His hostess reappeared and beckoned to him. At the threshold she stayed him with a gesture of gentle solemnity.

"Son," she whispered, and her eyes were as blue as Charley's own, "whatever she's done or hain't done, remember she's a dyin' woman now, and your maw."

The door closed between them, and Albert Trafford spoke for the first and last time with the mother he had never known.

Granny Mucker's knees were trembling. She went to the fireplace and felt along the rude mantel for a small box and a finger-length stick, the latter having one end chewed into the semblance of a brush. Long ago Granny had laid snuff and snuff-stick on the altar of her simple faith; but in any emergency she took odd comfort in dallying with temptation. A gasping sob from the bedroom set her to trembling again. She pushed the box back, stirred up the fire, and drew the Bible to her knees, chanting softly over it, until at last she fell asleep, her wrinkled face looking very peaceful in the firelight. Stealing quietly in some time after midnight, Charley Mallett took the face tenderly between his hands.

"Is she alive yit?" he whispered. Granny was awake on the instant, feeling anxiously of his soaking garments.

"I reckon so. He ain't called me. Oh, Charley boy, Charley boy—how wet ye are, son! Get them boots off, quick!"

She pushed him, laughing and protesting under his breath, into a chair in the warmest corner of the hearth, and brought out other garments to replace the dripping ones. While she was thus engaged, Trafford opened the bedroom door. One look at his face made Granny drop the clothes in her hands and hurry past him. The soul of the wanderer had fled with the dying storm.

Silently, side by side, before the fire the two foemen sat, until Mallett was summoned by his grandmother to the smaller room. They talked together in low tones for a while, when Charley returned and drew his chair closer to Trafford's side, laying his hand on his enemy's knee.

"Grandmam and me are 'lowin' that there don't nobody need to know 'bout this yer, 'ceptin' we three," he said, with shy earnestness. "You kin go right back to Fairview, and we'll tend to her like she were our own. When the neighbors come to the buryin', all we have to tell 'em is that she were a stranger woman took sick and died yer. Everybody in the Gap knows grandmam and me."

Trafford lifted his head; his weary eyes dwelt long upon the speaker's face. "Charley Mallett!" he said, brokenly, "Charley Mallett! I didn't know God ever made a man like you!"

Over in Shoestring Valley, on Tuesday morning, the widow of Abram Trafford wove gloomy thoughts in with her web of yarn, and felt no joy at the near approach of Christmas Day. Not a hard-hearted woman, not a cruel one, she held it but wifely duty to treasure the memory of her husband's fate, and wear her crown of sorrow until it should be avenged.

"I thought you 'lowed not to come down fer Christmas," she said to her stepson, who came in unexpectedly. "Whose mule you got thar?"

Trafford did not answer at first. He had taken a chair and drawn his youngest sister to his knee. Ellen, the older one, leaned against his shoulder. Mrs. Trafford stopped her wheel and turned toward him. "What's ailin' you?" she asked. "Ye look plumb beat out."

Her stepson drew himself together with an effort. "I've come to tell you something that I think you ought to be the first to know," he answered. "Charle Mallett has done me as great a kindness as one man can do another; and from now on I shall treat him as well as I know how."

Mrs. Trafford grew rigid. "And your paw," she said; "your paw that was shot in the back like a dog?"

"The man who did it is dead," said

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Trafford, "and all are gone but this boy —a child and thirty miles away when it happened. Suppose I kill Charley Mallett? Will it bring pa back? Will it do you any good? Or me? Or Mallett's old grandmother, who never harmed a creature in her life?"

"You're talkin' like them Yanks up in Fairview"—this with slow scorn. "Them Yanks'll see ther kin shot down like dogs, and pay a lawyer to hang the man what done hit—if he don't pay more and git clean off. We-all don't do thataway, down yer in Tennessee."

"No," said Trafford, bitterly, "we kill the murderer ourselves. His children kill us, and ours kill them, and so it goes on, the innocent suffering with the guilty—no end to it—no end. Charley Mallett had no more to do with pa's death than Cassie here, and has sure done his best to make up for it to me."

"Yas-s-s-s!"—it was like the hiss of a serpent—"he's afraid of his hide, that's what he is. I tell ye them Malletts is hounds—hounds—every one on 'em. O my God! it's enough to make yore paw turn in his grave to hear his son talk like that. You never would if you'd 'a' been mine."

The blood flew to Trafford's face. "It's the hardest thing you've ever said to me," he muttered, "but there's enough more that'll say the same. If it were not for Fairview, I'd quit the country."

She broke in with a piercing wail.

"I wisht you would—I wisht you would—for heaven's sake! You can't go quick enough nor fer enough if you've turned Charle' Mallett's friend."

Trafford rose up, pale again, pale to his very lips. "You mean," he said, slowly, "that you'd be better satisfied if I went away and never came back?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried. "O my God, I can't noways live to have the hull valley throwin' hit up to me that the boy Abe set such store by 's coseyin' with the hounds that shot him down and jest the same as killed pore Jim. Go 'fore they know hit—go quick!"

"I will go," said Trafford. "I'll go to-night. Good-by, Cassie—Ellen." They shrank away from him, and he offered his hand to his stepmother, who took it, dropped it almost instantly, and flung her apron over her head. "I didn't think hit of you, Al," she sobbed. "I didn't never think hit of you."

Two hours later, from an outer turn of the screw-like mountain road, Albert Trafford looked his last on Shoestring Valley. For him life there was now no longer possible. One half the valley would execrate, the other half despise him.

It was not easy to explain this to his Fairview friends, who could no more understand the heart of Shoestring Valley than Shoestring Valley could see from the Fairview heights.

"Leave your home—give up school—because you won't kill a man in cold blood! Albert, this is nonsense," said Mr. Hastings.

"It seems that way to you, Professor," Trafford answered; "and I know why, for I've been up here with you for two years. But they stay down there; and down there, Professor—we feel different."

"He knows best; don't urge him, Harvey," said the principal's wife. "Only we are very, very sorry to lose you, Albert."

What it cost him to turn his back on them and his life up there on the heights only Trafford knew. Nor was it easier to speak when evening found him once more in Gum Gap.

"Thar, thar, son," Granny patted his arm, "we'd ruther have done hit fer you than fer anybody else in the world, Charley and me."

They stood with him outside the cabin door. From the sky above the ridge a great golden point of light bore down to them on its rays the far-off sound of the mission bell. Again Trafford was, in imagination, in the assembly-room, and in the anthem's pause the children told the story of the Star.

"They're ringing fer Christmas Eve, I reckon. I hate mightily to think you won't be at Fairview no more, Al," said Mallett's frankly sorrowful voice. "Quare, ain't hit, how that old bell rung you out of Shoestring Valley and me out of Gum Gap to meet up thar?"

"Yes, God bless it," said Trafford, grasping the outstretched hand. Then, with his face turned toward the Star and its light shining in his heart, he went out into the world.

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Cotton Mather's Daughter

By Kate M. Cone

A LITTLE book, three by five inches in size, and brown and malodorous with age, lies at my hand. Its title-page reads as follows:

Victorina.

A
SERMON
Preach'd
On the DECEASE,
AND
At the DESIRE,
OF
Mrs Katherine Mather,
By her FATHER.

Whereunto there is added,
A further Account of that
YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN
By *another Hand.*

BOSTON: *Printed by* B. Green, for *Daniel Henchman*, at his Shop over againft the *Brick Meeting houfe.* 1717.

Its interior is as old fashioned as its outside. Long s's, every variety of type, capitals, italics, a labored and pompous style, make its eighty-six pages hard reading. Yet, FINIS, and presto, change! Instead of the small, soiled, musty volume, behold—a lovely girl, full of life, beautiful and gracious, with mingled intelligence and sweetness in her charming face. It is Katherine Mather, Cotton Mather's second child, and the eldest of his family to live and grow up. Her history belongs to 1900 as truly as to 1700. Let us try and translate it into modern phrase.

She was born in Boston, September 1, 1689, and her young mother, who, three years before, became a bride at not quite sixteen, had already borne and buried a little daughter. Cotton Mather first set up housekeeping in a house his father had occupied after being burned out in 1676, when he himself was in college—a house on Hanover Street, which had been Captain Breedon's. He afterwards lived in a house on the same street built by Captain Turrell. In whichever one Katherine was born, she must have remembered the second. It faced southeast, and from its front windows could be seen the spire of the Old North, her father's and grandfather's church, and perhaps a glimpse of her grandfather's house on North Street. The North End was fringed with wharves and ship-yards. Ships and sailors and glimpses of blue water were to be seen on all sides, and back of the houses rose a sandy hill—Snow Hill—with a windmill and a burying-ground. The older houses were of wood, with projecting upper stories and shingled outsides; but brick had begun to be used, especially since the great fire of 1676, and every Sunday, when little Katherine went to church, she must have seen Colonel Hutchinson's handsome brick house on North Square, and admired its great garden extending back to Fleet and Hanover Streets.

Indoors, the child's strongest impressions may well have been with the upstairs room which was her father's study. It is charming to fancy her childish figure seated by his side while she learned her lessons, or on his knee in front of the fire while he told her delightful stories and interesting facts, which were her reward for being good. She knelt beside him here, no doubt, when he prayed with her, and we fancy that it was in this room, on that sad November day when she was eight years old, that he told her he believed he was going to die. The poor young father and minister, full of cares and perplexities, wearied with overwork and self-tormentings!—it may have comforted him, in this hour of depression, to confide in his wise little Katy and tell her what she must do in case he should be taken from her. The substance of what he told her was that she

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must pray every day in secret; that life would be hard for her without him, but that God would make everything turn out right; and that she must remember that, as his daughter, her ways and words would be specially observed. Then they wept "many tears" together, and prayed together, and lived together nineteen years longer.

Between the two there were uncommon bonds of sympathy, both of mind and heart. For a long time Katherine was the only child in the house to live and thrive. Bright in mind and sunny in temper, she yielded readily to the methods of education and discipline which her father employed. They were, indeed, methods which, far in advance of his age and as far as possible from those we commonly associate with Puritanism, would probably have succeeded with a much less tractable child. He placed everything with her on the highest possible ground. Knowledge was to her, in itself, a great good and high delight. He taught her as a favor and a reward for doing faithfully less agreeable duties. He shared with her his intellectual enthusiasms, and gave liberally to her out of the extraordinary treasures of his mind. Story-telling he freely employed, and at table, at the close of the meal, he always had something interesting to tell her—a Bible story, a story from the classics, some interesting fact of nature, or something about old times in New England, of which no man knew more. She studied Latin and the beginnings of Hebrew, in which she afterwards excelled. She learned to write at the same time that she learned to read, and, in a large round hand, easy for her small fingers—a point of which he made much—she copied out in blank-books, first, choice things which he selected for her, and later what she selected for herself. In religion he filled her mind with impressions of the good God and the blessed Jesus and the belief that good angels constantly attended her. Of the devil and evil angels he said as little as possible, lest her fancy dwell on fearful images—he had known only too much of minds so haunted. He prayed for her every morning before he came downstairs; he often prayed with her, and he urged her to pray in secret.

In behavior she was faithfully and firmly trained. Here he continually appealed to principles of reason and honor; and such love and confidence did he inspire that Katherine obeyed him as the most natural thing in the world. If she did wrong, he expressed his surprise and felt sure she would not make such a mistake again. Whipping and scolding he abhorred, as his father had before him. If punishment was necessary, he either banished the small sinner from his presence or refused to teach her anything, and so quickly brought her to repentance. The features which he made conspicuous in the little girl's code of morals were reverence toward her grandparents, generosity toward other children, the avoidance of revenge even to an attempt at returning good for evil, and a "sweetness of temper shining in her face." The more difficult part of this programme he helped out by generous rewards; Katherine heard some particularly interesting story when she had shown herself truly unselfish and forgiving.

It must have been easy for her to be a good little granddaughter, if for no other reason than that her father was so dutiful a son. Increase Mather was in England on his mission about the charter when Katherine was born. Very tenderly the great good man must have taken her in his arms when he came home three years later, and heard himself, for the first time, called "Grandfather" by this little, smiling, bright-eyed thing. Yet it would not be strange if Katherine felt a little afraid of this grandfather, he was so very great a man, senior pastor of the Old North Church, President of Harvard College, ambassador for the colony at the English court, where he had had audience with three English sovereigns, and greatly in demand for presiding at installations and councils in the New England churches. It was said to be "an edifying thing only to see him in public assemblies, for his very countenance was a sermon." Naturally, some of this dignity of demeanor crept into his every-day manners and made him certainly a personage not to be trifled with by little girls. Katherine probably felt less constrained with her grandmother, the dear, saintly, capable Maria

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Cotton, and the three young aunts at the parsonage, while at Grandfather Phillips's house at Charlestown, her mother's father's, a much less elevated atmosphere prevailed. Two of her mother's brothers were wild fellows and went to sea, and Grandfather Phillips, to Cotton Mather's great distress, traded with hostile Indians on the frontier.

In educating Katherine her father provided his family with an elder sister who was at once a model and a helper. Cotton Mather's domestic experience seems to modern notions as stupendous as his intellectual achievements, of a piece with his entering Harvard at twelve years of age, preaching at eighteen, and leaving printed works to the number of three hundred and eighty-two. Katherine was little mother to thirteen younger sisters and brothers, and twice filled the gap when there was no mother in the house. Eight times she saw her parents rent by that most exquisite and pathetic sorrow, the death of a little child. The children who lived were often and violently ill. Katherine herself was no exception. When she was four years old, she nearly died. She was then, for the time being, the only child, her father's "little and only Katherine," his lamb, "the one coal unquenched in his bosom," in the passionate language of the Diary. When she was ten years old, she was terribly burned. In going down cellar with a candle, one December evening, her muslin kerchief caught fire, and, from that, her cap. The doors were shut, but fortunately her shriek for help was heard. Her neck and hands suffered most, and for a time her head was so drawn to one side that it was feared she was permanently deformed.

She was two months past thirteen when an uncommon wave of trouble swept over the household. Her mother, for months a hopeless invalid, was fast sinking to the end. The last of October, little sister Nabby, eight years old, came down with smallpox. Three weeks later the faithful maid-servant was taken seriously ill, and the week following, Nancy, five years old, and Increase, three years old, both developed smallpox. Katy alone remained untouched. The whole house became a hospital, even the study being given up to sick ones. Fancy, in passing, those three or four thousand books infected with smallpox! Early in December Mrs. Mather died, and any one who thinks hardly of Cotton Mather should read the touching passage in his Diary about her end. Katherine mentions her loss as the great affliction of her own early years. Did the child see her father take the poor thin hands, "those lovely hands, the dearest in the world," in his, and, giving his wife to God, lay back her hands upon her breast, never to touch them more, in token of his submission, "the hardest and perhaps the bravest action that I ever did," he calls it? Did she catch the look, so full of love and longing, by which the dying wife sealed and signed this act? Poor little mother, poor young wife, only thirty-one when she died, but with what a vast experience of suffering behind her! She had brought nine children into the world, and seen five of them die. She was gentle and melancholy in disposition, devoted to her husband, and tenderly attached to her youngest brother, whose capture by the French and death in London three months before her own had been carefully kept from her. Her father, standing by and watching her die, had done what he could for her, but life had been too hard, and, with a tragic sense of what it all had meant, her last words were, "Heaven, heaven will make amends for all." Yet her death was not the last drop of woe for her dear ones. The same month their old servant had to leave them, and "pretty little Nancy had a violent and malignant fever" on top of her smallpox, suffering such agonies of pain and undergoing such violent convulsions that her father prayed for her release. After lying speechless and apparently unconscious all that day, January 6, 1703, the little one suddenly broke the spell of misfortune which had hung so long over the household by saying, in the most natural manner possible, "I heard my father give me away to-day; but I shall not die, this time, for all that," nor did she.

Comedy follows close on the heels of tragedy in the human spectacle, yet the violent love which a young Boston lady

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made to Cotton Mather only two months after Mrs. Mather's death could not have struck Katherine as anything but an insult to her mother's memory. She knew, of course, that her father was everything desirable; he was just forty years old, handsome in person, a popular preacher, and the most learned and celebrated man in America; but that a young, unmarried woman should aspire to marry him, and, assisted by her mother, should actually lay siege to his heart, and profess herself in readiness to come at any time and preside over his household, lately so distracted, and be a mother to his four children, must have seemed like little less than sacrilege to thirteen-year-old Katy. Mr. Mather professed himself well aware "how frequently and foolishly widowers miscarry," yet he came very near the danger which he reprobated, for the charmer touched him in his most vulnerable point, "his passion for souls," pressing it upon him that in marrying her he would make her salvation sure. Katy must have been puzzled indeed over her father's vacillations in ending the matter, and equally so by the fit of depression which followed the episode. No doubt she was thankful, sensible girl that she was, to see him safely married, eight months after her mother's death, to Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard, a near neighbor, a widow of four years' standing, and a person in every way suitable.

Katherine was fourteen when her father's cousin, Eunice Williams, the minister's wife at Deerfield, was killed by the Indians. The story of the attack on Deerfield on the night of February 29, 1704, is still told as one of the most thrilling episodes of the French and Indian wars, but fancy hearing it at first hand and having one's kith and kin among its principal sufferers! The following autumn young Eleazar Williams entered Harvard. He had been the only member of his family to escape the horrors of that night, having been at the time away at school in Hadley, or perhaps at Roxbury. With what pitying eyes Katherine must have looked upon the poor boy, only a year older than herself, whose mother and baby sister Jerusha and little brother John were murdered, and whose father and five other brothers and sisters had been carried captive to Canada. There followed the hopes and uncertainties of exchanging the captives. Esther Williams came home via Albany in the summer of 1705, probably to stay with her grandmother Stoddard at Northampton. Stephen appeared in Boston late the same year, and at last, in November, 1706, the Hope brought into Boston port the Rev. John Williams, with his sons Samuel and Wareham, and fifty-four other redeemed captives, so forlorn and woebegone in appearance that the General Court at once voted them twenty shillings apiece. A fortnight later Mr. Williams preached the Thursday lecture for Cotton Mather, before the Governor and Court, and our Katherine was doubtless in the audience. He spent the winter in Boston preparing "The Redeemed Captive" for publication, which Katherine, looking over her father's shoulder, may have read wet from the press. The circle round the Mathers' fireside, we cannot doubt, heard oft repeated the whole sad story of violence, captivity, and wandering, and saw the tears and joined in the prayers of the poor father for the little daughter Eunice, whom no endeavors, either then or ever, could win from her Indian masters.

The Mather household was further touched by the great struggle over-seas in the embarrassment caused by Grandfather Phillips's persistent illicit connection, for purposes of gain, with the unfriendly Indians in Maine. This was utterly at variance with Cotton Mather's principles, and he bore testimony against it in public, along with the other ministers. "The humoursome old man was enraged" at him, and "in a very froward and stout frame," and the prospects of Katherine and the first Mrs. Mather's other children, as his heirs, were for a time seriously endangered.

The second Mrs. Mather bore her husband three sons and three daughters. She was a woman of noble character and excellent parts, sensible, sweet-tempered, and handsome, a true Christian, a notable housewife, and ready to co-operate with Mr. Mather in his many schemes for charity and public good. Katherine grew to young ladyhood under her care,

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and no doubt owed many of her womanly accomplishments to this good stepmother's example and instruction. It was a large and complicated household, with children of all ages, from Katherine down to the perennial baby. To train and educate so numerous and so unclassified a flock, not to mention feed and clothe them, on a limited salary, subject to a thousand outside claims, was no small task for both parents. A special source of anxiety was the eldest son, Increase, or Creasy, as they called him. He sat at his books in his father's study, with very different sensations in his small breast from any of his predecessors. Here was a Mather who did not love study or wish to be a minister. The blood of his adventurous Phillips uncles ran in his veins, and we read of his learning fencing and music, and of his pranks with his sisters, as of the pres ence of some exotic bird in a dove-cote. Once he nearly blew up Nancy and himself with gunpowder. He deeply offended his grandfather, with whom he had lessons, by being too easily led off on an errand for another person, after which his father had to intercede for him and appease the wrath of the indignant ex-President of Harvard. Perhaps because of this very difference of temperament they loved Creasy the more, and Cotton Mather never forgot that he was his eldest son and the only son of the girl wife of his youth. Daughters predominated in the household. Besides Creasy, only Samuel, seven years younger, survived infancy. His father found him also a great boy for play, though he settled into the traces in due season. He was just the age, by the way, of little Ben Franklin, who lived not far off, on the same street. Who knows but that that enterprising youngster let Sammy Mather play with his birthday whistle, afterwards famous, and made him a partner in that enterprise of building a fishing wharf on the old Mill Dam?

It was a happy family in those days, when they were all young together at home. The same methods by which Katherine had been brought up were applied to all the children. They were trained to reverence their elders, trust their parents, and be kind to each other, besides having daily familiarity with the noblest aspirations and the best literature. No longer with one little daughter by his side, but with a full circle of boys and girls around him, did Cotton Mather tell stories or talk to edification out of the fullness of his acquaintance with men and books. There were no books for children in those days; but among Cotton Mather's correspondents in England was one who perhaps already had in his head the outlines of a very prince among children's books—"Robinson Crusoe." At all events, extracts from Daniel Defoe's letters must have been worth hearing. Ben Franklin read "Pilgrim's Progress," and it is quite likely the Mather children did also. Dr. Watts was another correspondent of Mr. Mather's. It was one of Cotton Mather's schemes about this time to have Dr. Watts's hymns printed on single sheets and scattered about the streets instead of the doggerel ballads which were popular; and we may reasonably fancy that the young Mathers had "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," read to them as "a new poem by my friend Dr. Watts."

Did not these young people know when their father was made Doctor of Divinity by the University of Glasgow? Surely they saw and admired the signet ring that came with the title. When, in October, 1713, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society in London, perhaps for the first time they had a realizing sense of what a place this familiar figure of a father held in the outside world.

This picture of domestic peace and happiness represents ten years of Katherine Mather's home life. The very month the letter from the Royal Society was received, another domestic upheaval occurred which changed the face of everything for them all. This time it was an epidemic of measles. Increase was taken first. Twelve days later, October 30, Katy and Nibby came down. The same day Mrs. Mather was confined with twins—a little girl and boy, Martha and Eleazar. They were four days old when the measles attacked Mrs. Mather, Nancy, Lizzy, Jerusha, and the maid-servant. On November 9 Mrs.

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Mather died; on the 14th, the maid-servant; and within a week the twin babies, and dear little Jerusha, two years and seven months old, were dead. Mother gone, babies gone, only Samuel, seven years old, left to be the baby, no wonder the house was quiet, and life for those who were left seemed easy and unhurried. The lonely father tried to do more than ever for the manners and morals of his diminished flock when they gathered round him at table, and every night he examined them as to the work and occupations of the day. Again Katherine and he were brought into something like their old companionship, adding to their intellectual and religious affinities a community of anxiety and care for the younger children.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

History of Diplomacy in Europe[1]

SPECIAL phases and separate periods of European diplomacy have been discussed by many writers; but, so far as we are aware, this is the first attempt to meet the long-felt need for a work dealing with the subject as a whole. As Dr. Hill points out, in order to be of genuine value such a work must comprise an exposition of the progress of international intercourse, of the motives inspiring and the results accomplished by it, of the genesis of the international system, and of the modifications undergone by that system in the successive stages of its development. The obstacles to the proper performance of this task are obvious; but, judging from his opening volume, Dr. Hill may be expected to surmount them in a way that will insure for the completed work immediate recognition as a masterly addition to historical literature.

An initial difficulty arises from the embarrassing wealth of materials now offered by the archives of Europe, and from the necessity of setting definite limits to the plan of treatment. Dr. Hill has wisely elected to confine himself to the consideration of movements and events of continental importance, it being his conviction that only by focusing attention on the "main current of causality in the development of the existing system of European relations" will it be possible "to thread the diplomatic labyrinth without confusion, and to present the results of investigations within reasonable limits." A second problem concerns the determination of the point of departure. It has been customary to regard the Congress and the Peace of Westphalia as marking the beginning of European diplomacy; but this, in the present historian's opinion, "is principally due to the fact that so little has been known of earlier diplomatic activity. The truth is that the Congress and Peace of Westphalia, while furnishing the international code of Europe, were the fruits of a long period of preparation, whose movements provide the only key to the meaning of that code. It is necessary, therefore, if one would thoroughly comprehend the diplomacy of modern times, to return to the real point of origin of those elements which together constitute the present public law and international usages of Europe, and to trace their development, step by step, down to the period of their final organization as a system."

Origins, accordingly, form the subject matter of the present volume, which opens with a brief survey of the state of Europe under the Roman Empire of Augustus, the writer's especial purpose being to make clear the inception of the "imperial idea," which was to be so firmly implanted in the European consciousness that it is still a moving force in diplomacy. "It has never ceased to feed the imagination by its inspiring ideals and its splendid qualities. It made of Rome," writes Dr. Hill, "the capital of the world in all that quickened ambition or directed thought. Its far-reaching shadow fell upon every throne and guided every great aspiration. It therefore becomes the key of European history, and, above all, of European diplomacy, whose supreme efforts have

[1] *History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe.* By David Jayne Hill, LL.D. Vol. I. The Struggle for Universal Empire. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

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been, on the one hand, to create anew an empire fashioned upon the model of the old Roman *imperium;* on the other, to thwart this endeavor and secure for the separate nations of Europe the guarantees of their independence and rights of national sovereignty. The Roman and the German, using these terms in their broadest sense, have represented two opposing forces in the creation of the modern world. Neither has completely triumphed; but the organization of the one and the freedom of the other have combined to produce the political system of modern times."

We have quoted this passage because of its compact yet comprehensive statement of the thesis which Dr. Hill admirably develops in the volume to hand. His first chapter covers the period B.C. 30—A.D. 500, and thus takes account of the sweeping changes involved in the advent of the barbarians, the substitution in western Europe of local and racial authority in place of universal imperial rule, and the final collapse of the Roman Empire, the downfall of which, it is here argued, was chiefly due to a faulty diplomacy. The next great movement to demand discussion is, of course, the rise of the Papacy. As is justly observed: "The Church was the only bond of union which still held together the fragments of the old Roman world. The barbarian kingdoms tended toward local isolation, but the Church supplied a medium of general intercourse. . . . And thus the dismembered Empire found in the Church a refuge from barbarism, a bond of sympathy between all classes and sections, and a real organ of catholicity in its broadest sense." The Church, then, did more than aught else to keep alive the imperial idea, which, indeed, was ultimately, and through the intervention of the Church, to become a living reality once more. Naturally, considerable space is devoted to the circumstances under which the Empire was revived, and more particularly to the questions, "'Was not the imperial crown bestowed by the Pope, and is not he who confers greater than he who receives?'" with which the Papacy was later to open the long-enduring debate that shook Europe to its foundations. Dr. Hill makes very evident the reason why the Empire could reply only by resort to arms. To quote from him once more: "When the Empire attempted to declare its independence of the Papacy, not only had historical events imparted plausibility to the papal claims of supremacy, but the Empire could offer no alternative justification for its being and authority, other than the assumption that it expressed the direct will of Heaven, without relation to the Papacy, which claimed to be Heaven's sole interpreter. The weakness of this theory was that it could not maintain its exclusive character; for every actual ruler could present the same theoretical claim to divine authority—and thus was developed the dogma of the divine right of kings. Recourse to the true origin of the Empire—the sovereignty of the people—as a justification of its authority, had by that time become seriously embarrassed by dynastic pretensions which tended to substitute the principle of inheritance for that of election."

Thereafter the fluctuations in the fortunes of the Empire and of the Papacy, the diplomacy by which each sought to strengthen its position, and the movements which undermined the universalism of both, claim Dr. Hill's undivided attention. From showing how the fall of the Empire of the Carlovingians was produced by national rivalries engendered from the partition of Verdun, he passes to the constructive work of Otto in uniting the warring elements of the German nation and founding "The Holy Roman Empire of the Germans," and thence to the turmoil of the next two hundred years, which witnessed, with the contest between the Empire and the Papacy, the growth of feudalism, and, in the emancipation of the Italian cities, the entrance of a new factor in diplomatic activity. In two chapters—discussing respectively the awakening of civic consciousness in Italy and the development of Italian diplomacy—the writer exhibits the first consequences of the realization that the Empire and the Papacy could no longer be regarded as "co-ordinate instruments of the divine will for the government of mankind." Imbibing from commercial Venice and

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ecclesiastical Rome principles of statecraft and diplomacy, the towns of northern Italy soon asserted their claims to local independence, negotiated treaties, formed leagues, and "henceforth history is no longer confined to the proceedings of the Empire and the Papacy." Similarly, in the feudal kingdoms founded on the ruins of the Carlovingian Empire, men's ideas were rapidly changing. Feudal anarchy was giving way to kingly centralization, and out of that centralization were to originate the great national monarchies that heralded the dawn of modern history and the creation of the modern international system.

It is with the rise of these monarchies (A.D. 987–1313) that Dr. Hill draws his volume to a close. In its immediate successor, to be entitled "The Establishment of Territorial Sovereignty," he proposes to complete the survey of the foundation period of European diplomacy. It is then intended to trace in subsequent volumes "The Diplomacy of the Age of Absolutism," "The Diplomacy of the Revolutionary Era," "The Diplomacy of the Constitutional Movement," and "The Diplomacy of Commercial Imperialism," thus bringing the history of international development down to the present time. These volume titles of themselves suggest a work of philosophical conception, and if it be executed with the breadth, penetration, and clearness of expression that mark the first installment, it will assuredly attain a high standard. The results of investigation are handled with a narrative skill that invests the driest of facts with the interest of freshness; the tone throughout is scrupulously impartial, and the requirements of perspective are unfailingly observed.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Nation (The). Library Edition. Vol. 9. **The American Revolution.** By Claude Halstead Van Tyne, Ph.D. Vol. 10. **The Confederation and the Constitution.** By Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin, A.M. With Maps. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼×8½ in. $2, net, per vol.

The discrimination and breadth which promise to characterize the "The American Nation" serial history as a whole are manifest in these two volumes, dealing with the momentous years of the Revolution and the succeeding crucial period of social uneasiness, financial disturbance, and political reorganization. Professor Van Tyne, while faithfully and vividly following the fortunes of the Continental and British armies, pays especial attention to the development of the civil machinery of the Revolutionary party, to the creation of the several State governments, and to the internecine strife between the patriots and the loyalists. His point of view, in which Director McLaughlin concurs, is that in order to apprehend the Revolution correctly it is imperative to regard it as a civil war between opposing factors in the British Empire rather than as a struggle between England and America; and also to regard it as a grim school of political science training statesmen for the solution of the main problem to confront the new nation—the forming of a stable union—while at the same time giving impulse to ideas which should render a solution difficult if not impossible. The thesis thus laid down is consistently developed, and with a keen regard to essentials. It is Mr. McLaughlin's task to discuss the conditions which ensued upon the close of the war and endured until the establishment of the Constitution, and he brings out with the greatest clearness the remarkable achievement involved in overcoming the obstacles to the reconciliation of local liberty with central authority and real unity. In successive chapters he describes the impotence of Congress, the decline of the National credit, the rivalries and jealousies of the States, the currency crises, and the popular unrest, and then passes to the story of the great Convention of 1787 and the ratification of the Constitution. Like Professor Van Tyne—and, for that matter, like almost all the writers who have as yet contributed to the series—he shows a firm grasp of detail and perspective, and his exposition is such as to leave all that is salient impressed on the scholar's mind.

Andrew Marvell. By Augustine Birrell. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 241 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Buddhist and Christian Gospels: Being Gospel Parallels from Pali Texts. By Albert J. Edmunds. (Third and Complete Edition.) Edited by M. Anesaki. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 7×10 in. 236 pages.

As a contribution to the study of compara-

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tive religion from a Japanese scholar, this volume has a peculiar interest as well as a positive value for the student. That prince among Oriental scholars, the late Max Müller, regarded it as an open question whether a few of the parallel stories in the Buddhist Canon and the Gospels had or had not been "carried from India to Alexandria and Palestine." Professor Anesaki holds to the independence of the fundamental documents of the Buddhist and the Christian Scriptures. He only raises the question whether the Gospel of Luke, "in certain traits extraneous to the Synoptical narrative," is indebted to a Buddhist source. This question he submits to the reader who compares the parallel texts here presented. Much more than merely such parallels is presented; pretty nearly every book of the New Testament supplies matter for a comparison with the Buddhist Scriptures, which even the amateur in such studies will find interesting. The New Testament suffers nothing in the comparison.

Christ of To-Day (The): What? Whence? Whither? By G. Campbell Morgan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 64 pages. 50c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Codes of Hammurabi and Moses (The). By W. W. Davies, Ph.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7½ in. 126 pages. 75c., net.

An English translation of the recently discovered Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon about 2250 B.C., was published several years ago. Professor Davies has added value to this by subjoining to its several enactments, of which there are nearly three hundred, the Mosaic legislation upon the same subjects. Whether there was any borrowing, or whether the similarities are due to a common type of human nature and of civilization, is, of course, a question for intelligent critics. In his preface Professor Davies exults over the identification of Hammurabi with Amraphel in Genesis xiv., as proving to the discomfiture of the critics that Abram, the hero of that chapter, and a historical character, was identical with Abraham, the ancestor of the Jews. Admitting Abram to be a historical hero, Professor Paton, of Hartford Theological Seminary, holds that "this identification has nothing in its favor; the names Abram and Abraham have no etymological connection." See his "Early Syria and Palestine."

Colonial Administration. By Paul S. Reinsch. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 422 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Complete Poetical Works of Lord Byron (The). (Cambridge Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5⅛×8⅛ in. 1,055 pages. $3.

The single-volume edition of the poets issued by these publishers from time to time is now extended by the inclusion of Lord Byron. The book is not as bulky as one would expect from the fact that it has over a thousand pages, and at the same time is legible and well made. It may be that the Byron vogue is a thing of the past, yet there always will be a demand for his works as an essential part of English literature, and certainly they could not be had in a more convenient form than this. Mr. Paul Elmer More edits the book with judgment and restraint.

Constructive Democracy: the Economics of a Square Deal. By William E. Smythe. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 457 pages. $1.50.

This volume presents the evils of the present industrial system and proposes three remedies. The first is Senator Newlands's plan for dealing with the transportation problem, which is, briefly stated, the organization of all inter-State railroads in one great corporation, a Government guarantee of four per cent. dividends and a Government prohibition of more than four per cent., exclusive National taxation preferably on gross receipts, and so adjusted as to secure for society the "unearned increment." The second remedy is Mr. Garfield's plan, which is, briefly stated, a law requiring all corporations engaged in inter-State commerce to take out a Federal license and so come under Federal supervision. The first remedy would put the railroads, the second the trusts, under the supervision of the National Government. The third remedy is National irrigation for the development of our unused lands, and adequate protection of them from the land-grabber, that they may furnish an opportunity for the "surplus man." The writer is very much in earnest; he has made a study of present conditions, actual problems, and proposed remedies; but we see no evidence that he is familiar with the economic history of the past. His book is journalistic rather than academic in its spirit. We do not know the author, but we should surmise that his training has been in a journalist's sanctum, not in a professor's chair. But if so, he has a much better grasp on the industrial situation than most journalists have. We should like to see his book read and pondered by all journalists and Congressmen. This is not the place to discuss his theories. Such discussion would involve a much fuller statement of them, and both discriminating praise and criticism.

Crowell's Flexible Thin Paper Classics: **Adam Bede,** by George Eliot. **Romola,** by George Eliot. **Henry Esmond,** by William Makepeace Thackeray. **Vanity Fair,** by William Makepeace Thackeray. **Hypatia,** by Charles Kingsley. **Ivanhoe,** by Sir Walter Scott. **Kenilworth,** by Sir Walter Scott. **Jane Eyre,** by Charlotte Brontë. **John Halifax,** by Miss Mulock. **Last Days of Pompeii,** by Bulwer Lytton. **Last of the Mohicans,** by James Fenimore Cooper. **The Spy,** by James Fenimore Cooper. **Lorna Doone,** by Richard Doddridge Blackmore. **Marble Faun,** by Nathaniel Hawthorne. **Tale of Two Cities,** by Charles Dickens. **Toilers of the Sea,** by Victor Hugo. **Three Musketeers,** by Alexander Dumas. **Twenty Years After,** by Alexander Dumas. **Uncle Tom's Cabin,** by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 20 vols. Per vol., $1.25.

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book-making that, by the use of thin though opaque paper, a work of considerable dimensions can be put into the form of a small book easily slipped into the pocket. The list of volumes included in this "Thin Paper Classics" series speaks for itself. The books are well printed, with perfectly legible type, have photogravure portraits and other illustrations, and are bound in flexible leather in attractive colors. Each book is placed in a box by itself. Some or all of these books would decidedly make an acceptable holiday present. It is now possible, by the judicious selection from the numerous series of thin-paper books, to put into a small bookcase an astonishing amount of good literature.

Cranford: A Play. By Marguerite Merington. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 99 pages. $1.25.

A not unskillful dramatization for amateur theatricals of Mrs. Gaskell's ever fresh and delightful tale.

Creed of Christ (The). By the Rev. Richard Venable Lancaster. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. 4½×7¼ in. 206 pages. 60c.

Reserved for later notice.

Crown of Science (The): The Incarnation of God in Mankind. By A. Morris Stewart, M.A. Andrew Melrose, London. 5½×8½ in. 126 pages.

Essays of Elia (The). Edited by Helen J. Robins. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 403 pages. 25c.

Evangelistic Awakening (The). By Wentworth F. Stewart. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7⅛ in. 201 pages. 75c., net.

The Introduction to this little book of a successful Methodist pastor strikes the true note. Any real religious awakening, writes Dr. George Elliott, of Detroit, must be characterized by "a restored communion with God and a revival of righteousness. . . . It will seek to save the outer life as well as the souls of men. It will preach a full salvation, large enough to redeem society from selfishness, business from baseness, and politics from pollution." It is disappointing to find this breadth of view not maintained in the subsequent treatment of the subject, in which the social and ethical interests affected by a thoroughly evangelistic awakening miss due attention. As far as it goes it is an excellent book, though thus limited.

Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries (The). By Adolf Harnack. Translated and Edited by James Moffatt, B.D., D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 488 pages. $3, net.

The present volume exhibits the organization of the Church, together with its spread and the counter-movements against it. Its spread is shown in the double aspect of extent and intensity, and with reference to special classes affected by it. The survey taken of the Roman world as progressively affected, century by century, brings into view all the historical evidence now accessible with the minuteness of detail that was to be expected of the learned author. Even at the opening of the fourth century Christians seem to have constituted in hardly any province a clear majority of the population, and throughout the Empire amounted to but three or four millions. Hellenistic as she was at the outset, the stronghold of the Church continued to be in Greek-speaking lands, and at the time of the first œcumenical council its headquarters were in Asia Minor, not in Rome. Professor Harnack distinguishes a "pre-catholic" from the "catholic" Christianity originating in the second century, and his finding upon the mooted question of the "historic episcopate" subverts some extreme claims now current. He thus sums up his survey of the greatest religious movement on record: "To this Church the human race round the basin of the Mediterranean belonged without exception, about the year 300, in so far as the religion, morals, and higher attainments of these nations were of any consequence." Only the ancient learning remained pagan, and perished by degrees. The reason assigned for this wonderful expansion is the universalism of Christianity; it "came forward to represent all previous movements in the history of religion. . . . Christianity, viewed in its essence, was something simple, something which could blend with coefficients of the most diverse nature, something which, in fact, sought out all such coefficients. . . . To the simple it was simple; to the sublime, sublime. It was a universal religion, in the sense that it enjoined precepts binding upon all men, and also in the sense that it brought men what each individual specially craved. . . . On what was eternal and on what was transient alike Christianity had set the cross."

Fifty Piano Compositions by Robert Schumann. Edited by Xaver Scharwenka. (The Musician's Library.) Chas. H. Ditson & Co., New York. 9½×12½ in. 188 pages. $2.50.

This volume of the Musician's Library contains an introduction in German and English by Xaver Scharwenka. The translation is done by Frederic Field Bullard. As an interpretation this introduction is not equal to the introductions of some of the other volumes in this series.

Floyd's Flowers: Being One Hundred Short Stories Gleaned from the Storehouse of Human Knowledge and Experience. By Professor Silas X. Floyd, A.M., D.D. Illustrated by John Henry Adams. Hertel, Jenkins & Co., Chicago, Ill. 5½×8 in. 326 pages. $1.

French Profiles. By Edmund Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 372 pages. $1.60, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Gambler (The). By Katherine Cecil Thurston. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7½ in. 499 pages. $1.50.

Mrs. Thurston's "The Masquerader" achieved a success not exceeded by any novel of last year. Naturally, her new story will be read widely and with attentive interest. It seems to us to show signs of hurried writing and sometimes of false sentiment. The "gambler" is an Irish girl whose father lives fast, gambles frightfully, and dies from an accident in a horse-race. Married to a

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noble-hearted but tiresome old archæologist, Clodagh is introduced to some fashionable people in Venice; takes her first plunge into bridge whist and roulette; is solemnly warned by a young man called by his enemies "Sir Galahad" (and we regret to say that this Sir Walter seems to us a pompous bore, although he is intended to be everything that is fine and grand); withdraws for a time from the giddy whirl; but after her husband's death plunges again into fashionable gambling, compromises herself, though with no evil intention, with a scheming old *roué*, and is saved from ruin and restored to her eminently respectable lover. The moral lesson is obvious, perhaps too obvious. As a story the book will not compare well in force and originality with "The Masquerader," and, in our judgment, parts of Mrs. Thurston's "The Circle" showed more literary quality than either of her later books.

Geissbub von Engelberg (Der). By Julius Lohmeyer. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 182 pages.

Helps and Hints in Nursing. By J. Quintin Griffith, M.D., Ph.D. (Family Edition.) The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 480 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 15c.)

A practical and sensible book which may be commended for use in families and by all who have to do with illness.

His Life: In the Words of the Four Gospels. Prepared by Pastors of Oak Park, Illinois. The Pastors' Publishing Union, Oak Park, Ill. 4×6 in. 226 pages. 10c. (Postage, 4c.)

This handy volume, of pocket size, has the advantage of giving the best text—the American Standard Edition of the Revised Version—of singular cheapness, and of being a product of interdenominational co-operation in a flourishing suburb of Chicago for the promotion of a wider reading of the Gospel story.

History of Egypt (A). Vol. III. **From the XIXth to the XXXth Dynasties.** By W. M. Flinders Petrie, Hon. D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., Ph.D., F.R.S. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 406 pages. $2.25.

The name of the distinguished explorer is a sufficient commendation of his work. The period covered is the thousand years immediately preceding the conquest by Alexander, when the old Egypt that "had led the civilization of the Mediterranean for all its youth of five thousand years or more" was succeeded, as the torch-bearer of progress, by Greece. It is much to say that there is "no other country of which there is a complete index to every historical monument that is known, with a translation or abstract of every historical text." Of the work that this fact implies Mr. Petrie himself has done a remarkable part. As to the exodus of the Hebrews, which is here dated at 1213 B.C., the testimony now available is inconclusive.

History of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteer Infantry. Hawley's Brigade, Terry's Division Tenth Army Corps, 1861-1865. Compiled by Stephen Walkley. For sale by Belknap & Warfield, Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn. 5×8¼ in. 318 pages. $2.

Il Mistero del Poeta. Da Antonio Fogazzaro. 409 pages. 5×7½ in. Baldini, Castoldi & Compagnia, Milan.

Of all Signor Fogazzaro's novels, this one is likely to appeal with peculiar power to all lovers of love stories—and who is not to be included in that category? The book is poetic from start to finish, yet the interest of the plot is well maintained. The character-drawing, however, seems deficient in that the minor characters stand out with rather greater distinctness than do the hero and heroine. In point of style the romance may be put alongside the author's "Piccolo Mondo Antico" and "Piccolo Mondo Monderno." It will hardly challenge as much popular interest, however, as did his "Daniele Cortis," that clever sketch of Italian political life.

Jewish Spectre (The). By George H. Warner. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 377 pages. $1.50.

This title is more catchy than communicative. The reader does not at once find out what the "spectre" is. At first it seems to be a spectral fear that the Jew is to crowd out all competitors in the struggle for existence, and this "modern superstition" is bitingly castigated. Later it comes out that the really troublesome "spectre" in the writer's mind is in the domain of religious speculation, and that Matthew Arnold and Renan are chiefly responsible for rearing its horrid front in modern literature. Not that they created it; they found it in those chapters of (the second) Isaiah in which the "servant" of God is described—"that actual imperishable Israel of their pious hope and our superstition." It is all a fiction, Mr. Warner insists, that the Hebrew religion, or the Christian, was based on the idea of righteousness. They were based on the idea of Sin and how to expiate it. The Old Testament conception of God, and of man's relation to God, is the "spectre" that has filled the world with delusion, priestcraft, persecution, servility, and cruelty. How the idea of sin could have arisen except as contradictory to an antecedent idea of righteousness, any more than a shadow can appear before light appears, Mr. Warner does not explain. Equally visionary is his prospect of relief: "That the civilized world could be better and happier if the Bible were to disappear . . . I have no doubt." Much that he says has been as well said by the late Mr. Robert Ingersoll, who, moreover, was his superior in religious feeling. The book is cleverly written, and makes many good hits at shining marks of folly; but that it is, as announced, "an extraordinary" book, except in wrongheadedness, does not appear.

Little Mother and Georgie. By Gertrude Smith. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6½×8¾ in. 151 pages. $1.30, net.

Lorna Doone. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Edited by Albert L. Barbour. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 642 pages. 25c.

McAllister and His Double. By Arthur Train. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 341 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Train has managed to make burglary

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amusing as successfully as did Mr. Hornung in his "Raffles." McAllister's "double" is a scamp of a valet who gets his master, a *blasé* clubman, into all sorts of scrapes, and extricates him cleverly at just the right moment. The stories are certainly lively and readable in a high degree, and the book is sure to meet with popular success.

Napoleonic Exiles in America (The): A Study in American Diplomatic History, 1815-19. By Jesse S. Reeves, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Series XXIII.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, Md. 6×9½ in. 134 pages.

On Two Continents: Memories of Half a Century. By Marie Hansen Taylor, with the Co-operation of Lilian Bayard Taylor Kiliani. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 309 pages. $2.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Passport (The). By Richard Bagot. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 417 pages. $1.50.

This story of Italy in our day is unusual in the strength of its plot and the artistic and continuous development of the story. In some ways the book will recall Mr. Marion Crawford's tales, not so much in its way of writing as in its subject and in its picture of intimate social conditions in modern Italy. It seems to us that as regards the quality of readableness and exciting plot it is much the best of Mr. Bagot's stories. It should be added, however, that here, as in former books, Mr. Bagot occasionally offends the taste of his readers quite unnecessarily.

Philosophia Ultima. Vol. 3. **The Scientific Problems of Religion and the Christian Evidences of the Physical and Psychical Sciences.** By the Late Charles Woodruff Shields, D.D., LL.D. With a Biographical Sketch by William Milligan Sloane. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¾×9½ in. 227 pages. $3, net.

The late Professor Shields, of Princeton, obtained deserved reputation as a highly appreciated academic preacher, and as a man of literary genius, whose drama, "The Reformer of Geneva," drew praise from the Shakespearean critic, Professor Dowden. The best part of his life was given to working out the scheme of philosophy whose prolegomena in pamphlet form appeared in 1861, and whose concluding volume is now issued. The goal of the final philosophy is justly conceived by Professor Shields as combining "the perfectibility of science and the demonstrability of religion." In the present volume the scientific problems of religion and its scientific evidences are successively discussed. The main positions taken are open to serious question. Recognizing but "two factors of knowledge, reason and revelation," these seem to be regarded as external to each other, as a dark room and a light that is to be brought into it from outside. But if the divine immanence is a fact, there is no such dualism: the reason in which God indwells must be regarded as having the capacity of developing under divine influence into that enlightenment which may well be termed revelation. It also seems indefensible to narrow the content of the term "revelation," when thus misconceived as external to reason, to the Bible only. But if one must reckon the imprecatory psalms as a part of divine revelation, as Professor Shields does, what must one do with Cleanthes's noble "Hymn to Zeus"? Comparative religion has broken down the exclusive identification of revelation with the Bible. As to the scientific evidences of religion, one must say that Professor Shields's argument so oscillates from strict to loose, and from maximum to minimum claims, as to yield rather limited satisfaction, except to a somewhat thin-spun conception of the term "scientific."

Pictures of Life and Character. By John Leech. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8¾×6¾ in. 195 pages. $1.50.

It is pleasant to have in this book so full and satisfactory a collection of John Leech's pictures. Thackeray truly described Leech's work when he said that "the truth and strength, the free vigor and the kind humor, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that man are approached by no competitor."

Problems of Philosophy, or Principles of Epistemology and Metaphysics. By James Hervey Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 647 pages. $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Redeemed Life After Death (The). By Charles Cuthbert Hall. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 58 pages. 50c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. (Revised and Enlarged Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 418 pages. $2, net.

Very few books indeed of last year, outside of fiction, received a wider reading than did Mrs. Pryor's "Reminiscences." They are immensely entertaining in themselves, and they afford a delightful and attractive picture of old-time Southern society. This new edition, which contains new chapters, should find its way to many who have not yet had an opportunity of seeing the work.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Works. (Biographical Edition.) With a Preface by Mrs. Stevenson. **St. Ives. Complete Poems. The Wrong Box.** Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6¾ in. 528 pages.

These three additional volumes of the excellent small edition of Stevenson's work contain fuller prefaces by Mrs. Stevenson than most of the other volumes. We have repeatedly commended the form and typography of the edition.

Rose o' the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 177 pages. $1.25.

A sweet and natural love story with a rugged background. Logging and jam-breaking on the Saco give outdoor freshness and action to the narrative, while Rose's grandsire, "Old Kennebec," affords spontaneous fun. The real interest, however, is in Rose's romance, its tragic break, and its happy renewal. All this is told with perfect joyousness and sincerity, and the author, as is usual with her, keeps well on the right side of the line that divides sentiment from sentimentality.

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Sabina. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 233 pages. $1.25.

Again Mrs. Martin takes us into that unknown world so near to our own doors where language, manners, religious beliefs, and dress seem almost mediæval—the country of the Pennsylvania Dutch. In place of "Tillie, the Mennonite maid," we have Sabina, a typical Amish maiden. Into the curious, narrow little community of which her family forms a part, comes from the great world an artist, a man whose type and individuality are absolutely novel to the Amish people. The story that follows is full of quaintly amusing talk and contains also a pathetic love story. How strangely that story ends, and what singular and apparently incredible psychic phenomena Sabina develops, must not be told here.

Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South. By Francis Marion Crawford. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 411 pages. $3, net.

No one should by any chance visit Sicily or southern Italy without first having read Mr. Crawford's book. This new edition puts into one volume, not at all bulky or inconvenient, what was formerly presented in two. The illustrations are capital and are well printed, and in every way the edition is satisfactory.

Sporting Sketches. By Edwyn Sandys. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 389 pages. $1.75.

Mr. Sandys's "Trapper Jim" made a notable hit because it treated of sport in a dramatic and personal way, mingling anecdote and incident with information. Much the same thing may be said of the present book, which consists of many papers published separately, and yet properly united because they have a common interest. Picturesque accounts of shooting and fishing, pleasant descriptions of out-of-door experiences, practical information for the camper, fisher, and hunter—all are here united, and rarely are sporting sketches found of interest to so wide an audience as this book will attract.

Telling Bible Stories. By Louise Seymour Houghton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 286 pages. $1.25, net.

This is a book of high value for all who would bring to fruitage in mature years the "natural piety" which is latent in the child, according to that sound maxim of early Christianity, "*anima naturaliter Christiana*." Mrs. Houghton makes it clear that "the themes which lie at the heart of the Bible stories are the great central themes in which all experience, all knowledge, all study of science and philosophy, as well as of theology and morals, sooner or later meet." She treats them on the sound principle that they are historical in the broader sense as types of universal experience, so that it need not be inquired whether they are historical in the narrower sense as narratives of a particular individual experience. These stories, bringing human life, as they do, everywhere into contact with God, are the fittest food for the religious nature of the child. As treated by Mrs. Houghton, they tend to his normal spiritual development in a growing consciousness of God. It would be well for makers of Sunday-school lessons to study this book.

Under Rocking Skies. By L. Frank Tooker. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 282 pages. $1.50.

A story of love and of the sea, told with not a little spontaneity and abounding in action and incident. The adventures take place during a voyage to the West Indies, and the crew and fellow-passengers are varied in character and sex, so that sentiment as well as plot has its place in this remarkable sea voyage.

Use of the Scriptures in Theology (The): The Nathaniel William Taylor Lectures for 1905. By William Newton Clarke, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 170 pages. $1, net.

Though this is a small book, it may be reckoned equal to the best productions of its author. Its fundamental premiss is that a rationally sound theology depends on the soundness of the method of using the Bible as a source of theology. Dr. Clarke shows that the traditional method is unsound, and what mischief has been done by it. He then discusses the problem created by the search for a sound method, what this method is, and what its results, both negative and positive. He holds that theology must be theocentric. Christian theology is limited to the exposition of the Christian conception of God; its source is limited to what Jesus has revealed of the character and ways of God. Non-Christian and pre-Christian conceptions of God exist both in the Old Testament and in the New, and these a sound method must exclude as sources of Christian theology, which depends wholly on the spiritual insight learned from Jesus to think his thoughts of God. Theology thus pursued no longer depends on any theory of inspiration, "a misleading guide to reverence for the Scriptures." The preparatory work toward such a theology is now being done by Biblical criticism. Its result will be the development of a theology largely independent of such criticism; and the substitution of God for the Bible as the true foundation of faith. Such a theology will be comprised in a smaller book, with fewer topics; but it "will have the unmixed divine for its material."

Wild Irishman (The). By T. W. H. Crosland. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 196 pages. $1.50.

This author brought himself into notice by writing a very disagreeable book, with a still more disagreeable title, "The Unspeakable Scot." Apart from the fact that in its very title the book was an affront to a whole people, it was written with an assumed virulence which obviously had a commercial basis. The present book has a less objectionable title, but is equally worthless, if it be regarded as a serious attempt at studying the Irish character.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

The Child Labor Bill in Georgia

To the Editors of The Outlook:

He who believes that commercialism is the dominant force of the age should have witnessed the altruistic scene in the Georgia House of Representatives during the discussion on the Child Labor Bill.

The galleries were filled to repletion with the representative women of the State, whose presence aroused a chivalrous spirit, which was apparent in the manner of each speaker, which rang like a clarion bell in the tone of every man who voted in the affirmative. The one negro member in the House arose and explained his vote, saying in part that, though the bill did not affect the children of his race, they not being employed in cotton-mills but free to attend the schools made possible for them by the white taxpayers dividing the educational fund with them dollar for dollar, justice demanded that he cast his vote for the white children of Georgia.

Thus he stands on record as desiring that the white mill children of his State be given equal opportunities with the children of the negro race.

Let those laugh who will and exclaim, "The bottom rail is on top," the people of Georgia will always give the full measure of praise to this same negro for his act of patriotism and humanity. So eloquent were the speeches, so effective the work done by the advocates of the bill, that it passed by a vote of 103 in the affirmative to 62 in the negative.

Ten days later the same scene was enacted in the Senate chamber as in the House of Representatives, with, however, a far different signification. He who dared to lift his voice for the people against the mighty mill barons was sneered at in a manner which surprised those who were simple enough to think the Senators, like the Representatives, were elected by the people to serve the people.

When the President of the Georgia Senate left his chair to speak for the interests that elected him against the children of Georgia, all hope was lost, and every one was prepared for the vote which followed—23 negatives to 17 affirmatives.

Thus was the will of the people of Georgia ignored.

Thus for two years longer were the shackles of slavery fastened upon the mill children of Georgia.

It developed during the discussions that about half the capital invested in cotton-mills comes from the North and West. Therein it becomes a National matter, with responsibility resting on the shoulders of every stockholder, lives he in Maine or Louisiana. It is to the big, philanthropic heart of America that the advocates of the Georgia child labor bill will, during the next two years, make their appeal. The evil has only to be known to be eradicated. The Southern presidents are ready at the word of command from the Northern stockholders to emancipate the white slaves of Georgia. That that command will soon arrive is the hope of every well-wisher of the race, as the white child cannot be crushed in the Southland without injury to the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the entire country. As long as the present conditions remain, it is a National calamity, as the amelioration will be a National benediction. X.

What is Socialism?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I trust you will allow me to point out two statements that appear to be inaccurate in your otherwise excellent editorial published in The Outlook on the 2d inst., under the heading "The Moralization of Property."

"There is a school of Socialists," you say, "whose motto is that 'property is robbery.'" "And the purpose of this school of Socialists is," you say, "to abolish private property."

Now, of course it has become one of the inalienable rights of American statesmen and American writers to apply the name "Socialist" quite indiscriminately and quite arbitrarily. President Roosevelt has even been called a Sociallst by some persons who desired to criticise him and did not know of a better way to do it. And it is, therefore, impossible for me to know what particular "school" of persons who believe that "property is robbery" the editor of The Outlook had in mind when he branded this new collection of "Socialists."

But this I do know: It was Proudhon who first laid down the doctrine that "property is theft." And Proudhon was not a Socialist, but a philosophical Anarchist. Furthermore, his doctrine is not indorsed by any one who has a right to call himself a Socialist, or advocated in any Socialist platform. Of course there is no law to prevent some gentleman who believes that "property is robbery" from calling himself a "Socialist," any more than there is a law prohibiting those who believe in polygamy from calling themselves Presbyterians. It is simply a misuse of terms in each case, to which there is no penalty attached except the hilarity of those who know better.

But the 3,000,000 Socialists in Germany

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do not believe that "property is robbery," nor are they trying to abolish it. The same is true of the 400,000 American Socialists who last year voted for Eugene V. Debs for President. On the contrary, the reason for the existence of a strong Socialist sentiment in Germany and in the United States is because the capitalist system of industry enables the average worker to possess so *little* private property. Socialists are trying to enable each individual to accumulate as much private property as he can produce. It is only the public ownership of *capital* that the Socialists are trying to bring about, it being understood, of course, that capital is that part of wealth which is used to produce *more* wealth.

Then, again, you say that "extreme Socialism, which would curb the exaggeration of private interests by putting all business under public management, would burn the house to drive out the rats."

Let's see. What is the essence of public management? Co-operation. Nothing else. The people collectively co-operate to perform functions that were formerly performed for them by individuals for a profit. The people simply supply their own needs at cost. The workers receive *all* instead of a *part* of their products, having to pay no private capitalist for the use of the tools of industry, and, with the wage system out of the way, every one has the same *right* to work that he has to live. Now no one without capital can work unless he can obtain permission to use the capital of another, giving part of his product to the capitalist for the use of his tools in the form of profit.

Perhaps freedom from wage slavery and the opportunity to keep all of one's product *would* demoralize the workers, but I have always doubted it, and do yet.

ALLAN L. BENSON.

Detroit, Michigan.

An Indian About Indians

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am of the opinion that you would like to have some facts from an Indian in the Indian Territory about our ability as Indians to become active citizens of a State of the United States and bear our part of the taxes with the citizens from the surrounding States who are now petitioning the Federal Congress for an enabling act to formulate a constitution for the old Indian Territory. The Indians, a great many of them, are with the people who desire a State with Oklahoma regardless of party. In fact, all are now ready for a State; the differences are as to whether we join with Oklahoma or separate. It would take a vote to decide as to which faction are in a majority.

By an agreement entered into with the United States in 1902, our lands are not to be taxed for a period of from five to twenty-one years. On the fourth of next March our tribal governments stop, and with this all of our schools, amounting to more than six hundred—two hundred and forty-six in the Cherokee Nation alone.

Our Cherokee schools began in 1819, and have grown from that date, and to-day we have, besides the primary schools mentioned, our two seminaries for the young men and ladies citizen Cherokees. These schools were opened for admission of students May 7, 1850, and have been carried on ever since, except about ten years during the Rebellion and until the Nation got somewhat over that terrible war. These schools send out graduates every year. Besides these schools we have an orphans' home that takes all the orphan children without homes, feeds, clothes, and educates them. The negroes have their seminary for advanced students by the treaty of 1866 (war measure). Our slaves, together with the free colored persons residing in our nation, were made equal in our land, and moneys held in trust by the United States. Their schools are all separate and they are all treated very well, having their pro rata share in everything that the Indian has.

A majority of the Cherokees are very well educated, and just as able to assume their responsibility in the State as are the citizens from the States; those that are not now able to protect their interests are a trifling, no-account set, just like any other nation or State has in their midst.

One great reason for our bad management as nations was, the taxes being paid indirectly from our invested funds; the citizens were not aware that some of our trusted officials were plundering until we were considerably in debt; had we been paying direct out of our pockets, it would have been different. To make the great majority of our people careful, all of the restrictions should be removed as we enter into a State and pay our share of the expenses of the government.

Without some responsibility a person will never amount to very much, and the sooner the Indian is shown this the better for him and the community where he lives. Root, hog, or die! We should be given Statehood by this Congress. The area in square miles of the two Territories is 70,400—25,000 square miles less than the average of States west of the Mississippi. Our population is about one million and a half—certainly sufficient. We have more than five hundred miles of railroads. Oil, gas, coal, lead, zinc, and asphalt in quantities, also granite and marble—mountains full of it. The 102,000 so-called Indians are Anglo-Americans just as capable of managing their own affairs, on an average, as the Anglo-Saxon. We have been tied a little too long; loose the halter and watch us move! We demand it. Our talent has been buried long enough. If we cannot use it, some one more worthy must.

GIDEON MORGAN.

Tahlequah, Indian Territory.

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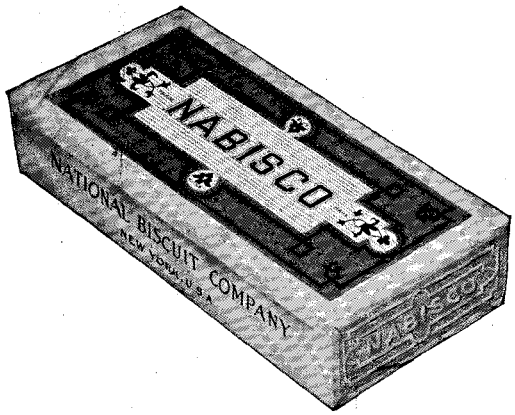

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THE OUTLOOK WANT DEPARTMENT

The rate for notices in this Department is Five Cents for each word or initial, address included. Orders should be sent (with remittance) at least ten days before the date of The Outlook in which you desire the Want to appear. Answers may be sent in care of The Outlook (count four words for the address) and will be forwarded to you if postage is paid.

TEACHERS, GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS, DOMESTIC HELPERS

WANTED—Position as visiting governess in New York City or vicinity. English branches and music. References. 2,204, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman desires position as matron in institution or housekeeper in private family. References exchanged. 2,220, Outlook.

A lady would be glad to give her services in evenings and part of afternoons as companion in exchange for home. References exchanged. Address "G. S," 2,208, Outlook.

POSITION required as mother's help or managing housekeeper in widower's family. Kindest care assured to children; studies superintended if desired—English, French, and music. Good needlewoman. Excellent references. 2,212, Outlook.

A lady, American, experienced in management of servants, desires position as managing housekeeper. References. 2,210, Outlook.

POSITION desired by lady, fully experienced in all household matters, responsible charge of children. Social secretary work. Best social and business references. 2,214, Outlook.

CAPABLE woman wishes position in a family as mother's helper, or any position of trust. 2,222, Outlook.

TUTOR, Columbia graduate, student, will tutor in high school and grammar school subjects. Best moral references. 2,198, Outlook.

REFINED American, Protestant, desires position in Christian home as attending companion to invalid or elderly lady. Had nurse's training. 2,197, Outlook.

WORK as visiting instructor wanted by experienced graduate teacher (lady). Special success with children and slow pupils. Best references. 2,150, Outlook.

REFINED, capable woman, executive ability, good appearance, wishes responsible position. Very best references. 2,196, Outlook.

WORKING housekeeper wanted to do general work of house; no washing. State wages desired and references. 2,203, Outlook.

WANTED—Responsible woman to assist in care of children. Must be strong and willing. No teaching required. Give references and state wages desired. 2,201, Outlook.

WANTED—By a young woman of refinement and education, accustomed to travel, position as governess (including French), secretary, or companion. Refers by permission to Dr. Amory H. Bradford, Montclair, N. J. 2,200, Outlook.

TUTORING.—Three young college graduates desire students preparing for college. Instruction in any subject. Excellent home provided. Charges moderate. 2,199, Outlook.

YOUNG French woman desires position as hairdresser (Marcel wave), manicure, and facial massage with private lady. References. J. M., 270 W. 19th St., N. Y. City.

POSITION in warm climate as companion or housekeeper. Has had nurse's training. References given and required. L. S. S., 229 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

EXPERIENCED teacher in Philadelphia wants pupils to tutor—elementary and college preparatory. Specialties, mathematics and Latin. High references. 2,174, Outlook.

WANTED—Lady willing to do housework usually assigned to second maid. Small wages. Delightful country home. 2,163, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, nervous cases, wants patient, Atlantic City. Exceptional references. 2,166, Outlook.

AMERICAN young lady wishes position as traveling companion or secretary. Small remuneration. Best references. 2,165, Outlook.

NORTH German lady, college graduate, successful teacher, desires engagement. Fluent French, German, English; good music. Excellent references from universities, schools, and families. 2,167, Outlook.

SMITH graduate, experienced, desires visiting position in New York City, school or family. Mathematics, science, and English. Will tutor young children. 2,168, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined, educated young woman as mother's helper and nursery governess. Cheerful disposition, fond of children, firm and tactful in management. Entire charge of boy of seven. Some knowledge of marketing and housekeeping desired. 50 Lloyd Pl., Montclair, N. J.

TEACHERS, GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS, DOMESTIC HELPERS

A position as housekeeper, caretaker, or chaperon is desired by a lady of culture and refinement. Is fond of children and can furnish the highest references from lifelong friends as to ability and character. 2,223, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper; good manager, practical nurse. Invalid gentleman preferred. 2,160, Outlook.

YOUNG lady desires position as secretary in private family, non-resident or visiting preferred. M. G. L., Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey.

YOUNG woman desires position as companion; experienced stenographer, capable looking after business matters. Some experience management household. 2,173, Outlook.

FAMILIES, institutions, schools, and hotels in need of housekeepers, matrons, stenographers, mother's helpers, companions, etc., address Miss Richards, 48 Lloyd Ave., Providence, R. I. Teachers supplied.

CAPABLE, refined young lady desires position as companion to middle-aged or elderly lady. New York City preferred. References. Box 501, So. Norwalk, Ct.

WANTED—In New York City, position as companion to young lady, or daughter's place in home of elderly woman or couple. American, Protestant, musical; speak perfect French. 2,181, Outlook.

GERMAN teacher teaching in one of the best schools in N. Y. City has some disengaged time. Address Miss V., Box 112, Whittier Hall, Teachers College.

WANTED—By cultured gentlewoman of executive ability, position of trust in institution or family. Experienced in management of children, household supervision, accounts, and correspondence. Would travel. Highest testimonials. 2,190, Outlook.

CHRISTIAN lady (New York State) wishes position as companion-nurse or companion-secretary. Assist with housework. Travels. 2,185, Outlook.

TUTORSHIP wanted by young man, college and university graduate, of successful experience and excellent references. Address P. O. Box 22, Westfield, Mass.

ELDERLY lady, refined, cultured, desires position as companion to elderly lady. Address 278 Garfield Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

POSITION desired by cultured gentlewoman, experienced in guardianship of motherless children, chaperonage, household supervision. Refers to former employers. 2,187, Outlook.

PRIVATE instruction given in Brooklyn, N. Y., by young woman with wide experience in preparing for schools and in teaching delicate and backward pupils. English branches, Latin, mathematics. Highest references. 2,158, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, educated mother's helper wishes position in California. References. 2,177, Outlook.

WOMAN wanted daily, Sundays excepted, from 1:30 until 6, to sew and assist in light work. Must be an excellent hand seamstress. Terms, three dollars per week and carfare. Address M. N., 2,180, Outlook.

MALE nurse.—Wanted, by a male nurse, a situation as nurse or companion to an invalid gentleman. Have had success with nervous and melancholy patients. Can give best of references. William Henry Edwards, Germains, Troy Road, Albany, N. Y.

GENTLEWOMAN desires home in refined household where as companion, social secretary, or supervisor she would be of value. Highest credentials. 2,191, Outlook.

WANTED—A woman of undoubted integrity and excellent health, who is naturally systematic and particular, and an excellent seamstress; willing to be taught by a lady who is an experienced housekeeper. Several servants employed. Highest references required. Address B. G., Buffalo, N. Y., Post-Office.

WANTED—Position as managing housekeeper or companion in refined home by one having experience. Can furnish references. 2,109, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by two women as head and assistant matrons, together or separate. 15 years' and 5 years' references. Can teach domestic science. Address Lock Box 416, Newark, New Jersey.

TEACHERS, GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS, DOMESTIC HELPERS

A young woman of culture and refinement, cheerful disposition, desires position as companion. Will travel. References. 2,140, Outlook

WANTED—Position as managing housekeeper. Experienced in management of servants, catering, marketing, etc. Highest personal references. Address 2,135, Outlook.

WANTED—An experienced infant's nurse competent to take entire care of an infant and conversant with modern methods of feeding and training. A permanent position, good home, and $25 per month for satisfactory nurse. Address, with full particulars and references, 2,068, Outlook.

ESTABLISHED fifty years. The best Teachers Agency. Have you consulted? If not, do it now. Schermerhorn, 3 E. 14th St., N. Y. City.

STENOGRAPHERS, AMANUENSES, LIBRARIANS, ETC.

PRIVATE secretaryship wanted by proficient stenographer. Unusual references. 2,093, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$1,000 or $1,000,000 advantageously invested in safe publishing business. Inquire Emerson P. Harris, Seller Publishing Property, 253 Broadway, New York.

OLD jobbing company would consider good inside man who would purchase balance treasury stock. $18,000. High-rated, conservative concern. 2,194, Outlook.

AMERICAN journalist desires associate (lady or gentleman) in a new monthly to be published in Washington, D. C. $5,000 required for half interest, salary, and financial control. An exclusive field and national circulation assured. 2,129, Outlook.

BUSINESS SITUATIONS

NOW open: Bookkeeper, $1,000; clerk, $800; manager, $1,500; supt. construction, $2,500; real estate, $2,000; stenographer, $1,000; salesman, $1,800. Write for plan and list. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, N. Y.

OLD, large, expanding manufacturing business will entertain active associate who will buy proper interest in company. Location city. Rating $500,000 to $1,000,000, A1. Will consider only high-grade men. 2,193, Outlook.

OUTSIDE salesmen wanted.—Three active salesmen of good address and references to sell on commission Sidney L. Smith's new, artistic etched portrait of President Roosevelt. An unusual opportunity in an undeveloped territory. Address for particulars Charles E. Goodspeed, publisher, 5A Park St., Boston, Mass.

YOUNG man furnishing best of references desires position as private secretary in North or West. Southern, 2,179, Outlook.

BOARD AND ROOMS

MRS. HOUGHTON, 353 West 58th St., New York, receives young women students desiring pleasant home for the winter. Refers to Rev. De Lancey Townsend, D.D., Rector All Angels' Church; Professor Edward MacDowell, the Art Students' League and New York School of Art.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C. Board in private family; comfortable rooms. Mrs. William Mood.

BOARD for invalid with nurse or attendant, or lady desiring a quiet, refined country home for the winter. Particulars on application. Margaret G. Macdonald, Chestnut Hill Road, Norwalk, Conn.

SMALL private (Christian) family will receive two persons for one large room. Refined surroundings, good appointments. Madison Avenue, vicinity 90th St. 2,083, Outlook.

FAMILY of two desires small furnished apartment, or rooms for light housekeeping for winter. 2,170, Outlook.

82D St., 48 West, New York City. Two desirable rooms on second floor, private bath; dining-room on parlor floor. Excellent table and service.

IDEAL home for nurses. Ellen Arnott, 2002 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(For other Want advertisements see fourth page following.)

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NOTICED IT

A Young Lady from New Jersey Put Her Wits to Work

"Coffee gave me terrible spells of indigestion which, coming on every week or so, made my life wretched until some one told me that the coffee I drank was to blame. That seemed nonsense, but I noticed these attacks used to come on shortly after eating and were accompanied by such excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach that I could only find relief by loosening my clothing and lying down.

"If circumstances made it impossible for me to lie down I spent hours in great misery.

"I refused to really believe it was the coffee until finally I thought a trial would at least do no harm, so I quit coffee in 1901 and began on Postum. My troubles left entirely and convinced me of the cause.

"Postum brought no discomfort, nor did indigestion follow its use. I have had no return of the trouble since I began to drink Postum. It has built me up, restored my health, and given me a new interest in life. It certainly is a joy to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

TARTARLITHINE

In an article contributed to the *Lancet*, a physician of Philadelphia says: "*Tartarlithine* has given results beyond all comparison superior to any preparation which I have tried. The promptness of its action in many cases is astonishing, a subsidence of distressing symptoms quickly following the administration of three doses. The use of the preparation in the quantity named has sufficed in all cases so far treated, about twenty in number, to practically cure the disorder.

Rheumatism

Tartarlithine rarely fails because it supplies the blood with the necessary substances to dissolve and remove the poison of rheumatism—uric acid. We want every sufferer to try it, and will send a sample package with our booklet on the cure of rheumatism free to every applicant.

Prescribed and endorsed by the leading physicians of the country.

Ask Your Doctor About It

Free sample and our booklet on the cure of Rheumatism sent on request.

McKesson & Robbins 78 Fulton St. New York

Sole agents for the Tartarlithine Co.

OUR system of making perfect-fitting garments from measurements sent us by mail is known only to us. It is the result of 17 years' experience in this one line of business.

¶ Our wonderful system is so reliable that we make this broad guarantee: **"We Will Positively Refund Your Money if We Fail to Fit You."**

¶ Add to perfect fit, faultless styles and reliable materials, and you can understand why we receive so many letters from customers saying, "You have relieved me of all dressmaking troubles."

¶ We keep nothing ready-made. Every garment is cut and made to fit the one woman for whom it is intended.

Fall and Winter Suits $6 to $25

Style Book and Samples of material sent free.

Our Style Book illustrates over **150** *fashions.*

Visiting Costumes, $6.00 to $20

Tailor-Made Suits, $7.50 to $25

Separate Skirts, $3.50 to $12

Rain Coats, $9.75 to $20

Jackets and Coats, $5.75 to $25

We prepay express charges to any part of the United States, which means a big saving to you.

We Send FREE by return mail to any part of the United States our new **Fall and Winter Style Book**, showing the latest New York Fashions, a large assortment of **Samples of the Newest Materials**, and simple directions for taking measurements correctly. *Write for them to-day.*

Kindly state whether you wish samples for a suit, skirt, cloak or rain coat, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York

Mail Orders Only — *No Agents or Branches* — *Established 17 Years*

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"The Busy Man's Train."

Appropriate in its Name,
Appropriate in its Route,
Appropriate in its Character—

"The 20th Century Limited"

This is *The* century of all the ages.

The New York Central—Lake Shore 18-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is *The* train of the century, and is appropriately named

"The 20th Century Limited"

A beautiful etching of this train printed on plate paper 24 x 32 inches ready for framing will be sent free to any address on receipt of 50 cents, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

New Car Line to Southern California

Pullman tourist sleeping cars through to Los Angeles without change daily from Chicago, beginning September 15th, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line and the newly opened Salt Lake Route. Great reduction in time schedules via this route. Colonist one way tickets on sale daily from Chicago, beginning September 15th, only $33.00 to Los Angeles. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Double berth in tourist sleeping cars $7.00. For tickets, sleeping car reservations and full particulars, apply to your nearest ticket agent or to S. A. Hutchinson, Mgr., 212 Clark St., Chicago.

Personally Conducted Tour to Colorado and the Pacific Coast

Leave Chicago Oct. 17th via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line and the newly opened Salt Lake Route. $175.00 from Chicago includes all expenses, railroad fare, sleeping car, dining car, and hotel accommodations. Ample time for numerous side trips at Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Exclusively first-class. For itineraries and particulars address W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager.

APARTMENTS

Apartment to Rent
67th St. Studios, 25 West 67th St.
Apply to ALBERT B. ASHFORTH, 4 W. 33d St., or CHARLES H. DAVIS, 25 Broad St., N. Y.

TRAVEL

Miss Harriet W. May
53 Fairmont Ave., Newton, Mass.
has a few vacancies in her small party of ladies sailing in November and spending the winter and spring in leisurely travel through
EUROPE AND THE ORIENT
Prompt application desirable.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
TOURS & TICKETS
25 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

TRAVEL

The Collver Tours

A most exceptional tour in December.

Round the World
Including **Java** and **Burma**, and spending the most beautiful season of the year in Japan.

South America
Leaving January 30, and including England, Lisbon, Madeira (or Teneriffe), Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and the Isthmus of Panama.

New Zealand, Australia
and the Pacific Isles, leaving in January.

Japan and China
Leaving in February, March, April, and July.

"Out of the Usual Tours." Groups limited to small membership. Exclusive in character. All arrangements of the highest possible class. Send for the programme which interests you.

THE COLLVER TOURS COMPANY
368 Boylston St., Boston

Around the World

Our Annual Eastbound Tours AROUND the WORLD (thirty-fourth annual series) leave New York Nov. 11 (including three weeks on the Nile), Nov. 30, Dec. 9, for six months' leisurely travel, visiting **Egypt, India, Burmah, Ceylon,** the **East Indies, Hong Kong, China, Japan, Hawaii, San Francisco.** High-class arrangements throughout. Parties limited to 12 members.

Illustrated descriptive programmes from

THOS. COOK & SON
261 and 1185 Broadway
649 Madison Ave., New York
Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, etc., and 125 Offices Abroad
Established 1841

Leyland Line

Immense new steamers. Discount of 10% allowed on return portion.

From Boston to Liverpool

Canadian	Oct. 11	Cestrian	Oct. 25
Bohemian	Oct. 18	Winifredian	Nov. 1

First-class rate, $70 eastbound.

COMPANY'S OFFICE
India Building, 84 State St., Boston

Around the World

Party traveling eastward sails December 2, **Egypt, Palestine, India, China,** and **Japan.**

H. W. DUNNING & CO.
14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
701 Starr King Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

A Year in Europe

Leisurely travel in France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Winter sojourn at Florence in comfortably appointed American home. Opportunity to pursue study of art and languages. 5,694, Outlook.

EGYPT AND PALESTINE

A series of tours, sailing in Dec., Jan., Feb., and March. Long and short tours. Independent tours. Itineraries ready.

H. W. DUNNING & CO.
14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
701 Starr King Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

TRAVEL

Private Party For Egypt and Palestine. Organized and chaperoned by a lady and with experienced gentleman conductor. No. 355, Outlook.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

FRANCE

Hotel Dysart 4 Square de Latour, Maubourg, Paris, France. Steam heat, elevator, and electric light. Miss ROSTAND and Mrs. H. LEE.

GERMANY

Karlsruhe, Germany. Exceptional advantages for study of art, music, language. Pension Frau v. Ehr, Bismarkst 37a. Comfortable, dainty home for ladies. American ref.

CANADA

THE PINES
DIGBY, N. S.
Situated in the pine woods and overlooking Digby Basin. Amusements: boating, deep sea fishing, billiards, bowling, orchestra, dancing, tennis, driving. Hot or cold Salt Sea Water Baths in the Hotel.
H. B. CHURCHILL, Propr.

CALIFORNIA

A Winter Home in an Orange Grove
in sunny Southern California. Accommodation, 50 guests. Extensive grounds, croquet, tennis and golf. For booklet and rates, address
"The Anchorage," Riverside, California.

San Ysidro Cottages
NEAR
Santa Barbara
On the foothills, overlooking the Sea. Perfect climate. Cottages with baths and central dining-room. Vegetable and fruit garden and dairy. Folder. HARLEIGH JOHNSTON, Propr.

CONNECTICUT

The Berkshire and Litchfield Hills. Delightful accommodations through autumn and winter; steam heat, mountain water, and conveniences; beautiful foliage and drives. Mrs. K. C. W. ABBE, Canaan, Conn.

"VERGEMERE"
Nervous and drug cases. Quiet, exclusive. Special care. W. J. WELLINGTON, M.D., K. W. HOLMES, M.D., Green's Farms, Conn.

Crest View Sanatorium
Greenwich, Ct.—First-class in all respects; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

THE NEW
WONONSCO HOUSE
Lakeville, Conn.
THE GATEWAY TO THE BERKSHIRE HILLS
Special terms for Sept. and Oct.
E. L. PEABODY, Prop.

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM
For the treatment of Nervous and mild Mental Diseases, with a separate Department for Drug and Alcoholic patients. Send for illustrated circular. Address
AMOS J. GIVENS, M.D., Stamford, Conn.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The Hamilton 14th & K Sts., N.W. Washington, D. C.
A modern, **home-like hotel** on the American plan; good table; liberal management; splendid location; convenient to all places of interest; local and long-distance 'phones in rooms. Transients accommodated, $2.50 per day and up. Special rates for a prolonged stay. For particulars and booklet address
IRVING O. BALL, Proprietor.

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